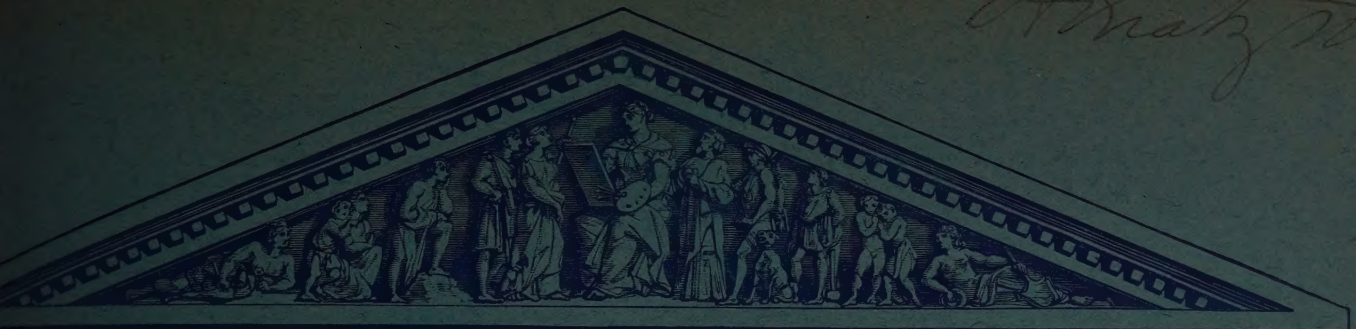


*Ed. H. H. H. H.*



# THE ART JOURNAL.



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NOVEMBER, 1878.

## THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS No. 47.

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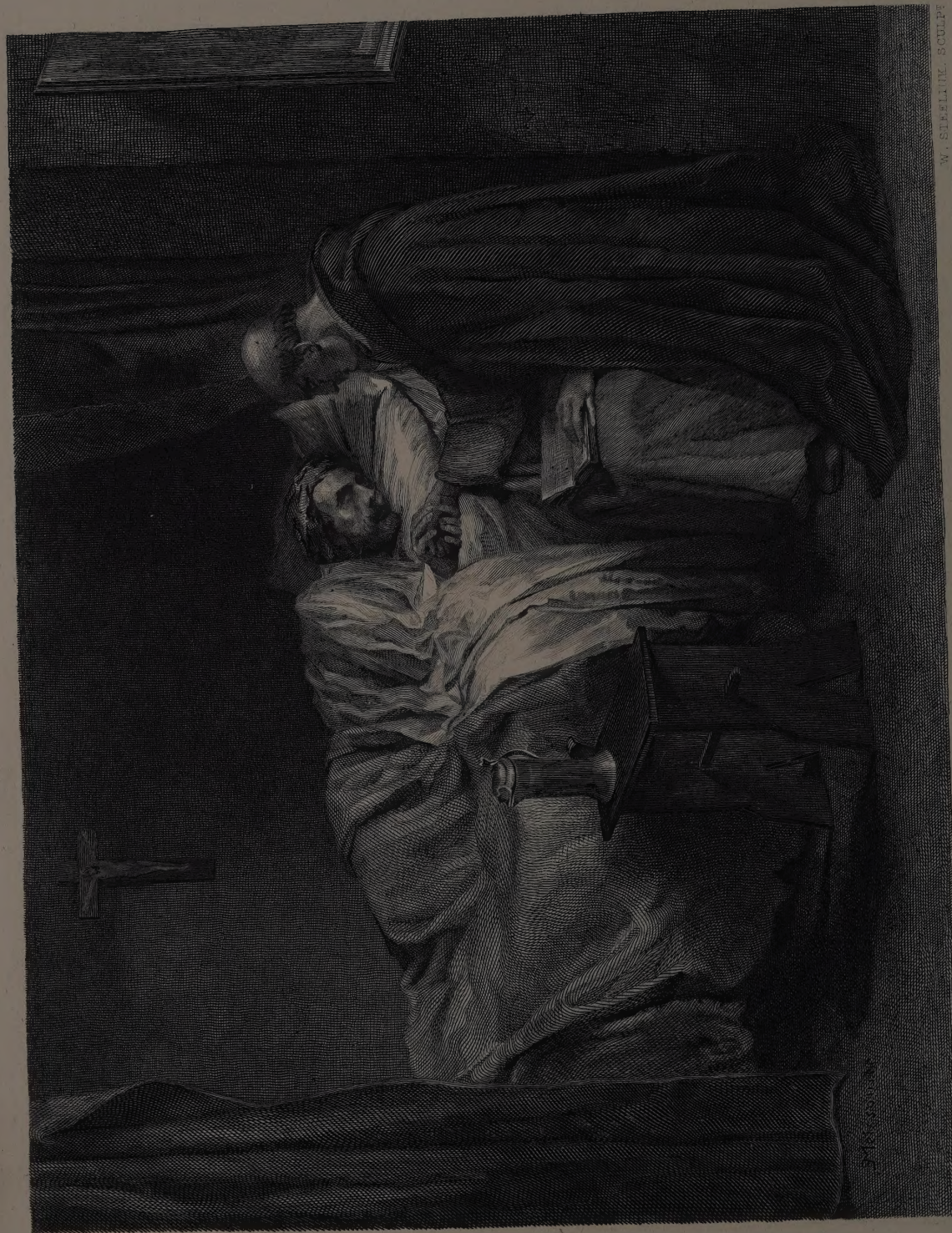
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J. L. MEISSONIER. H. R. A. FINE

W. STELLINGMA. SCULPT.

THE LAST PRAYER.





AMERICAN PAINTERS.—WILLIAM H. BEARD AND ARTHUR QUARTLEY.



*The March of Silenus.—From a Painting by William H. Beard.*

MR. WILLIAM H. BEARD was born in Painesville, Ohio, April 13, 1825. After painting some portraits in his native town and in the neighbouring towns, he went, at the age of

twenty-five years, to Buffalo, which, with the exception of Cleveland, was the nearest large city to Painesville. After a residence of six or eight years in Buffalo, he made the European tour,



studying one summer at Düsseldorf, and visiting Paris, Switzerland, and Rome. About the year 1861 he came to New York, and for the last twelve years has occupied his present studio in the Tenth Street Building. Mr. Beard is most widely known as a humorous painter of bears and monkeys. His picture, recently sold in the Latham collection in New York, and entitled 'The Runaway Match,' is a very adequate representative of his most popular style. The runaways are a pair of monkeys dressed gaudily, after the fashion of some country-folk, and standing before a monkey-parson, who is making an inspection of them, in the presence of several monkey-witnesses similarly attired, before forging the matrimonial bonds. In this picture, as in most of his livelier works, his design is to express character by the use of satire rather than of caricature; and in all his pictures he attains this end by telling a story. The literary instinct predominates, as indeed it usually does in American and in English figure-painting. When you look at one of Beard's re-

presentations you occupy yourself in reading what he has narrated; and so good is his command of the pictorial syntax and vocabulary that his meaning is always clear. Cruikshank himself is not more easily understood. The subject is the first thing and the chief thing. Perfection of materials and of methods, subtle harmonies of forms, movements, and hues, combinations and contrasts of lines and of colour, the poetry of pigment and the mechanism of finish, are not at all what he thinks most of. The thought is his great concern; the vehicle of the thought is of secondary importance.

Successful and many as are his pictures of bears and monkeys they are, however, to Mr. Beard himself, by no means his most satisfactory works. He feels happiest when dealing with themes like 'Old King Cole,' 'Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds,' and other familiar nursery-rhymes, where the imagination has an easy chance to give a fantastic turn to ideas, thereby exciting merriment and perhaps, laughter. "Those nursery-rhymes," I once heard him



"Lo! the poor Indian."—From a Painting by William H. Beard.

say, "offer such excellent opportunities for pictures:" and so they do, especially to a painter whose playfulness takes the form of humour rather than of wit, and whose liking is to make men ashamed of their folly, rather than to sting them into resentment. But Mr. Beard is serious as well as amusing, and his ripest ambition is embodied in certain sketches which, though not yet translated into finished pictures, undoubtedly soon will be. 'The Star of Bethlehem' is one of these sketches, and consists of a group of scenes intended to illustrate the beneficent mission of Christianity, which sheds its cheering rays upon the wise men and the castaways; the toilers on the mountain and the peasants in the cottage; the martyr and the prisoner; infancy and old age. Here the thought conveyed is of the noblest possible description; the feeling is sincere and sympathetic, and the constructive imagination is in lively operation. The subject of another sketch is 'The End of Time,' Death carrying off Time in his arms, amid the crash and destruction of all things. The artist proposes to model these

figures in clay, life-size. Like Leighton, the Englishman, and Doré, the Frenchman, he has a *penchant* for sculpture; and certainly it is easier for a painter to become a sculptor than for a sculptor to become a painter.

Some years ago Mr. James Lick, of California, invited contributions of designs for a grand historical monument commemorative of the growth and the glory of that Commonwealth. His death, however, prevented him from accepting any one of the designs prepared in response to the invitation. Mr. Beard was one of the competitors, and the rough draught of a model for such a monument is now in his studio. A colossal figure representing California is seated upon a pedestal, at the base of which are wild animals and the pioneer; above them, Painting, Poetry, and the other Fine Arts; while still higher, at the feet of the colossal figure, stands Science. A more important work is a design for a subterranean entrance to the Museum of Art in the Central Park, which was prepared in 1871. It is a series of very elaborate and



picturesque allegorical representations, which he purposed should be carved in the solid rock. These are some of the things that Mr. Beard's pencil has done, and they are precisely the sort of things that he would be most happy to carry into execution. His bears and monkeys do not please him so well as his patrons; they certainly do not begin to exhaust his resources. The beauty of Art is said to lie in not being susceptible of improvement; but Mr. Beard's literary instinct leads him to magnify the importance of his subject, and to yearn for grandeur therein, though he knows well enough that every building need not be a temple, nor every poet a Milton; that simplest objects are often more impressive than the most complex ones, when a true man, well equipped, tells us his impression of them.

'Lo, the Poor Indian!' presents Mr. Beard from still another point of view. The red-man is reclining on a hill-side, his faithful dog by his side, and his eyes peering eagerly across the prairie, over which the wind is blowing fiercely. There is but little foreground—as little as possible—the general tone is grey, and the sentiment is concentrated and intense. It is not General Sheridan's Indian, nor yet the missionary Eliot's. It is the lonely, picturesque Indian, whom our forefathers dispossessed of his hunting-grounds, and whom our philanthropists idealise and consecrate. He is a very nice person, and very interesting—Lo, the poor Indian! 'The March of Silenus' is one of Mr. Beard's characteristic pictures. Silenus is a great, fat, drunken grizzly bear, followed by goats as satyrs, and other bears as bacchanalians, all of them treated in classic style with a rich, warm tone. The expressions of the several faces are worth noticing, and the sense of inebriated revelry is strong and single. The conception has real dramatic force. To one of the Union League Club's monthly exhibitions, and also to the New York Academy Exhibition for 1878, Mr. Beard sent his 'Who-o! who-o-o!' a semicircular group of rabbits staring at an owl seated on a limb above them. It is freely and deftly painted, the rabbits especially being full of life, action, and distinctive character. His 'Cattle upon a Thousand Hills' is a rolling prairie with great herds of beasts, and a finely delicate play of light and shade. His 'Fallen Landmark' is a study of a giant birch, by the side of which in the sunlight stands an aged Indian in a contemplative mood. This painting and 'The March of Silenus' are owned by the Buffalo Academy of the Fine Arts. 'The Wreckers' is a number of crows on an old spar just washed ashore in a white fog. Other works are 'The Traveled Fox,' who got his tail cut off by accident, and has returned to persuade his comrades to a similar course; 'The Consultation,' a bear-scene, engraved by Holyer, and 'The Dancing Bears.' Mr. Beard is now preparing a book of drawings designed to suit the peculiar vein of each celebrated American poet, and to be accompanied by original poems written expressly by the several authors represented.

Next, therefore, to the fact of his humour, the most conspicuous feature of his career is the breadth of its scope. He is a figure-painter, a portrait-painter, a *genre* painter, a landscape-painter, an animal-painter, and, for aught we know to the contrary, a marine painter. He paints woodlands, meadows, and rivers; monkeys, bears, sheep, deer, and rabbits; men, women, and sunburned boys and girls; parlours, kitchens, and bar-rooms; marriages, picnics, and the final destruction of the universe. There is not an American, living or dead, who has transferred to canvas scenes so widely different; and the possibilities of his future are incapable of being soundly estimated even by himself. To-morrow morning he is quite as likely to make the preliminary sketch of a picture representing the beast in the book of Revelation, Jonah in the whale's belly, the white-armed Juno, or the fierce wrath of the Olympian celestials, as to set about telling another monkey or bear story. If the thought should strike him, he would not hesitate a moment to make a crayon-drawing of the earth when it was without form and void. Nor would the brain that could conceive 'The End of Time' be staggered by the beginning of eternity.

Mr. Beard's popular reputation rests undoubtedly upon his animal-pictures, especially upon his delineations of the domestic life of monkeys and bears. Can it be compared with Landseer's? In some respects, undoubtedly it can be. If Landseer was often dramatic; if on many occasions he abused his dramatic gift, jumping into tragedy when melodrama was on the boards, or into farce when comedy would have been better; if he loved the beasts that he painted, and sympathised with them; and if he was sometimes

too good a story-teller, displacing the artistic with the literary, and invading the domain of the penman—all this may be truly said concerning William H. Beard. Each of these artists has fallen into the error of ascribing human emotions and thoughts to animals, when a profounder study would have shown them that a dog's ways are not a man's ways. In manual dexterity, Landseer, of course, has the precedence. Perhaps there never lived an animal-painter who in this particular excelled him.

ARTHUR QUARTLEY is distinguished for having, after only four or five years of professional life, put himself among the first of the marine painters in this country. He was born in Paris, France, May 24, 1839. Soon afterwards his parents took him to England, and in his thirteenth year to America. In early manhood he was apprenticed to a sign-painter in New York City, and for several years followed his trade there. For about ten years he was in business in Baltimore. Meanwhile, for many months, he had spent his spare moments in studying the art of painting. When the desire for practising it became too strong to be restrained, he broke away from business and got himself a studio, in 1873. He had already fretted and chafed himself into an illness.

In 1876 he came to New York in pursuit of a wider field of work, and painted his 'Low Tide,' now owned by Mr. J. B. Thom, of Baltimore, which is his first important picture—a stranded vessel on the wet sand; a morning effect, grey-toned, and exceedingly simple. Its sentiment is fine and complete. Not dissimilar is his 'Oyster-Season, Synepuxent Bay,' in the possession of Mr. John W. McCoy, of the same city. Through the shallow water an oxt-eam is drawing a cart full of oysters taken from a vessel just unloading. Mr. John Taylor Johnston bought his 'New York from the North River'—a strong sunlight pouring down upon the water and illuminating a ferry-boat and other river-craft. It is in the Paris International Exhibition. Mr. Colgate, of Twenty-third Street, New York, owns his 'Afternoon in August,' which somewhat resembles but has not copied a Ziem.

Mr. Quartley has never attended an Art-school, and has never taken a lesson. He has never even had a drawing-master. He has no fixed method of arranging his pigments on the palette, nor of painting a picture. He begins anywhere on the canvas, sometimes with the foreground, sometimes with the horizon, sometimes with the sky at the zenith. His 'Close of a Stormy Day,' in the Academy Exhibition of 1877, was painted in this wise: "Having been kept by a storm for three days in a house on the shore," he says, "at sunset there was a glorious break-up, and I went out to see it. It was too grand, too awe-inspiring, too rapidly-changing for me to attempt making a sketch of it then. In the morning, after dreaming over the scene, I made a coloured drawing of it—a delightful way of doing; your mind is not confused by the changes that so swiftly succeed one another. When I began to paint the picture it was a total failure. For months it stood upon the easel. I tried a dozen times to get at it, but I couldn't reach the subtlety and true significance. There are, perhaps, fifty or sixty days' work on the canvas; but it doesn't follow that four or five days would not have made a better picture. It is very strange how sometimes every touch seems to tell, and at other times no touch seems to produce anything."

His 'From a North River Pier-head' shows the beauty that lies in the homeliness of many surroundings of the metropolis. The scene is near the Barclay Street Ferry, where one of the docks is devoted to the storage of oysters brought thither by small coasting schooners and sloops. There is a long row of buildings, each one displaying a sign-board with a dealer's name. The composition of the lines is awkward, and the subject in general is ill-favoured. But at daybreak, in summer, when the sun shines athwart the structures and the vessels, and begins to dispel the mists that hang about Trinity Church-spire, the Western Union Telegraph Building, and the new Post-Office, the scene is beautiful. "Who would have thought," exclaimed a spectator of the picture, "that we had anything in New York as picturesque as that?"

Mr. Quartley does not repeat himself in his marines. Each work is the result of a distinct impression. He struggles to keep out of mannerisms, and has been entirely successful in the effort. "Moonlight," he says, "is not so hard to paint as sunlight; it is impossible to paint a true moonlight, but you can easily produce



something pretty to hang on your walls. Moonlights, too, are almost always saleable." He paints but few of them. "The most difficult thing in a marine," he continues, "is to make the whole picture hang together. To get the sky alone is not hard; to get the water alone is not hard; but the water partakes so much of the

effect of the sky that, unless a hearty sympathy is preserved between them, the result is worse than a failure. Marine painting is much more difficult than figure-painting. The figure-painter has his model constantly before him, but the marine painter is forced to catch the movement of the water when the darks may turn to



*An Afternoon in August.—From a Painting by Arthur Quartley.*

lights a dozen times while he is making the simplest sketch. It nearly sets one crazy. In painting water, try for motion above all things, and the ten thousand reflections from the sky."

The reader will scarcely fail to notice the brilliant execution of Mr. Morse, whose engraving, after Mr. Quartley's 'Afternoon in August,' is one of the finest woodcuts that any country can produce. The shimmer of the ruffled waves, the softness and warmth

of the sky, and the proximity to colour—if not its very presence—in a reproduction in black-and-white only, are truly delightful features. To go back to Mr. Quartley, it may be said in conclusion that his genius is as indisputable as are his earnestness, industry, and originality; that both his subjects and his style are native products; that his finest period is undoubtedly yet to come, and that, when it does come, his reputation will be cosmopolitan.

## A JAPANESE ROOM.



THE London public have been invited to inspect the curious piece of architecture recently erected there by Mr. Streeter, a dealer in Japanese articles. It is a kind of *bijou* drawing-room, and constructed almost entirely of a sort of scented wood like cedar. The workmanship of the apartment is of the highest class, finished to the utmost degree capable, the wood being polished almost to the smoothness and brilliancy of glass. This polish is said to be obtained without the aid of either plane or burnisher. Whatever may be the method, it is certain that the result is marvellous. Every part is fitted exactly, without the use of a single nail, by means of sockets, grooves, and mortises. Three out of the four walls are formed so that one part may be slidden over another in the manner of some bookcases, and convert either wall at pleasure into a window or a doorway. The exceptional wall contains a peculiar recess fitted with a seat—the seat of the apartment.

This seat has a special reserve and a peculiar significance. It is associated with the religious etiquette of Japanese life. If a superior enter, even the Mikado himself, this would be his allotted niche. Hence it is considered sacred. But it could not be sacred unless it had that peculiar black, unpolished pillar on the right, and that roof formed out of a single plank. These also are significant. Along the upper portion of the wall, and over the projecting sockets in which the sections slide, is a recess or groove, in which the owner is accustomed to keep his money. That, of course, is an extremely sacred spot. It is certainly a curious instance of the powerful effect of custom that so apparently insecure a depository should continue to be believed in or employed. The Japanese, however, are a peculiar people. Domestic architecture among them is subject to the control of a sort of master of ceremonies, whose complex functions take the direction of prescribing not merely the code of manners, but the form and disposition of every room and closet in a mansion. His rule is abso-









ARY SCHEFFER. PINT.

J. LEVASSEUR. SCULPT.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

D. APPLETON & CO. NEW YORK.



lute, being framed on a profound and mystical system of religious symbolism, in which everything means something philosophical or divine. This official seems to be a necessary adjunct to every palace or mansion, without whom nothing can be done. It is his duty to hire and pay all workmen, and to prescribe all duties of servants down to the minutest details. It is, moreover, a custom with the Japanese that every youth of quality shall serve an apprenticeship to this steward-architect-augur. Hence it is a competent

office for any gentleman; and, as the Roman youth were all adapted by education to exercise the functions of lawyer and magistrate, so the youth of Japan are competent to fulfil the duties of this most important office of warden of the household and supreme source of etiquette. The identical chamber exhibited by Mr. Streeter was constructed for Dr. Dresser when residing in Japan, and has been passed over to the exhibitor because too large for the doctor's own house.

## NORWAY.\*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

### CHAPTER XXII.

HERE is a great charm about the freedom of driving one's own pony and carriage, or stol-kjær, for a long run, or even for a short excursion; it conduces to the peaceful rest we are all longing for, and saves one from reminders that at the next station the horses will be charged for if we do not hurry on. This is rather tantalising when one is "drinking in nature," and realising the fact that each moment is revealing fresh

beauties and developing lifelong impressions—the very time when we want to be left to nature and ourselves. In the excursion now before us we had our own ponies part of the way, and pedestrianism for cross country. Our route was from Romsdal, the weird valley where, on the previous evening, the "Trols" had been playing pranks in the following manner:—About 8.30 a tremendously heavy roll as of thunder, lasting forty seconds,

brought us suddenly to the window. The mist was hanging round the peaks, with cirri-strati across them; down came the "steen skreed," or slip, with a mighty rush; the cloud was driven out by the shower of rocks and stone as they came madly down. It was unusually grand. The sheep boy with his horn ran in, and Anna rushed to the door to see it, and as she came the dust rose up in a cloud as incense after Nature's work. Ole remarked that it was a fine shower, and very impressive it certainly was; still Anna said she did not like it. In some cases in the winter-time the peasants go on to the ice to avoid the possibility of these erratic masses reaching them. We were soon off to Gudbrandsdalen, calling as usual at Fladmark—that lovely spot, beautiful to a degree if you have provisions. Should such be the case, you certainly must have brought them, for the station is not one of refreshment, as Mrs. Brassey testified by her anxiety to regain her yacht, the *Sunbeam*, which is truly a sunbeam to her friends. Long may it be so to her and her husband!

We must leave the hurly-burly of rocks through which the Rauma dashes in this part. Rocks the size of detached villas seem to have been "chucked" about—this is the only term



*The Friendly Toilette.*

for such higgledy-piggledy positions. One can only realise the idea by imagining one's self a minute insect in a basin of lump sugar, with a great rushing river beneath. Arriving at Molmen, we found it a most healthy spot, and worth staying at for a time, as the people are so kind, and the whole surroundings inviting. Being on a high plateau, the air is perfect, and the place seems

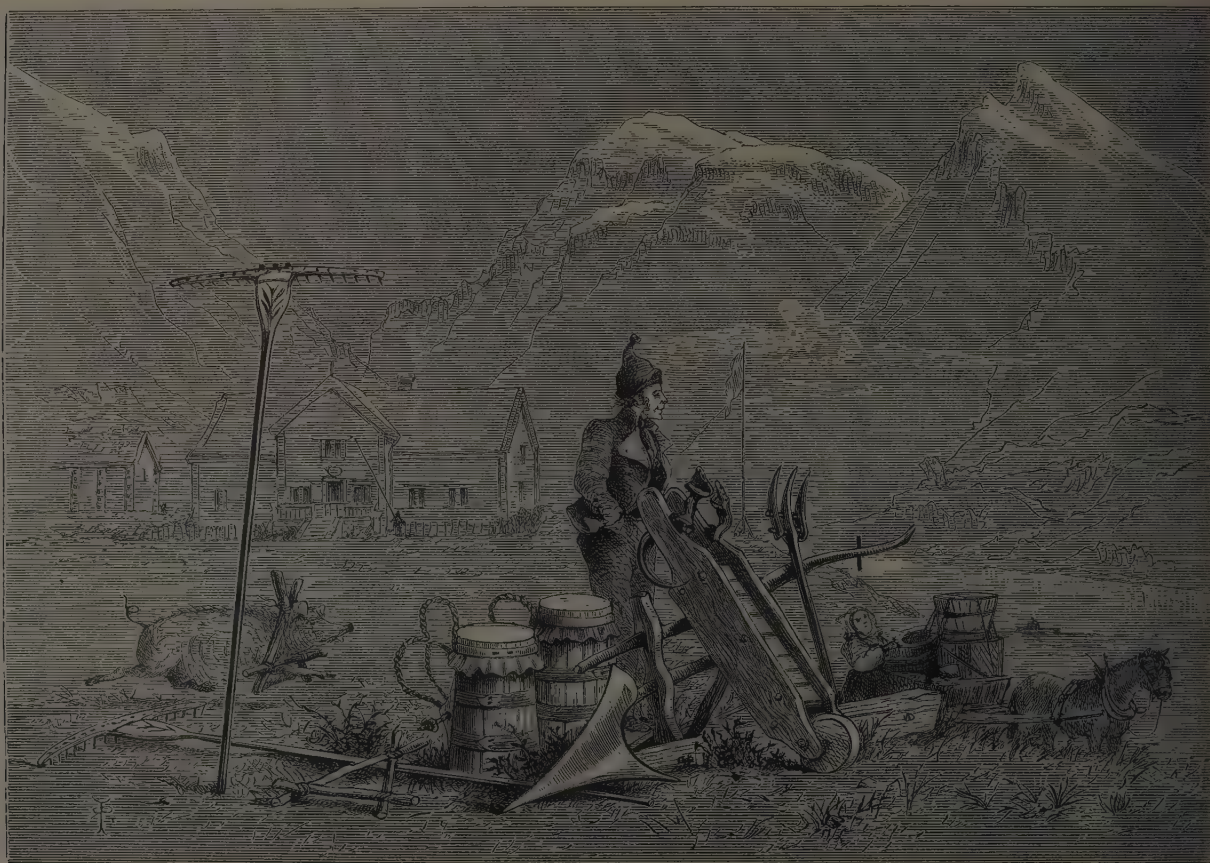
to be more than usually fortunate in its weather. The following morning, there being no service at kirk, we availed ourselves of the perfect weather for enjoyment on the hillside. Striking off from the houses, we sauntered up through the stunted birch and the heather till the grey rocks became more prominent, the vegetation sparse, the plants closer to the ground, and then we lay down on the fjeld side. What a view there was beneath us! The whole scene was a rare combination of all the prismatic

\* Continued from page 293.



colours so characteristic of Scotland in October. At our feet was the long Lesje Vand, beneath that the Dovre fjeld, and we fancied we could see Sneehatten; then, away to the right, were snow ranges to Storhætten, which is ascended from Ormem. How we basked in the sunlight and longed for more life on the fjeld! "Why should we not go to Eikesdal?" said Ole all at once. "That would be fine: why not?" The idea was caught at. "How long would it take to walk, Ole?" "Well, eighteen hours if there is no mist." "Very well, then; no mist, if you please, and we will do it." This was a new joy: eighteen hours' walk without a house to call at, carrying one's own nose-bag, and great doubts as to a bed on arriving—more delightful still! This is enjoyment indeed, though not to every one, perhaps. We therefore decided to start the next morning at three A.M., provided always that there was neither mist on the mountains nor the chance of it. How we revelled on the journey in anticipation, enhanced as our happiness was by the

beauty of the scene and the grandeur of the surroundings! All the way down we conversed on our coming walk, interrupted only by a visit to a farm, where we heard some of the good folk singing. It was hay-time; the weather fine, with a refreshing breeze that gently waved the new-cut grass as it hung from the frames, like huge towel-horses, which are used for drying it. We were invited to enter the farmhouse, where we found the room tidied up for Sunday, and the family singing a hymn in their customary devotional manner. There was the usual three cornered cupboard; an old gun which had laid low many a good buck, the powder-flask, primer, and ball-bag were ready for August; the ivy was carefully trained up the windows inside; and the ale bowls and tankards were about the room. It was quite a Norwegian homestead. One thing was unusual—a musical instrument called a "Psalmodicum," which is a board painted green with red flowers, about one inch thick and thirty inches long, with three strings raised on a bridge like a violin.



*Syltboe (with Farm Implements).*

These strings are played with a bow, also of the violin class, but different in character. We regretted very much that we could not persuade any one to play upon it.

On our return we found the proposed trip emanated from the fact that a house-painter was going over to Eikesdal, and had been waiting for clear weather to carry out his object. By the next morning a farmer from Eikesdal proposed joining us: he knew the way. This completed our party, and at four o'clock we started, with every assurance of fine weather. Working up through the stunted birch-trees, we soon looked over the heights of the Vermer Foss to Storhætten. The Svart-hø rose behind us, and approaching the snow-line, we came upon the reindeer flower (*Ranunculus glacialis*), with its sharp-pointed leaves and beautiful white flower. Then the dreary Gravendal opened to us, wild, bleak, weird, and barren to a degree, with Amra Jura on our right, directly over Eikesdal, far, far away. About this time there was a grand

solar rainbow. We now got very rough rock tramping—regular *couloir* climbing—and there was no vegetation, the moss being of the "crotle" tribe, a perfectly black lichen. As we ascended the peaks were grander. Many reindeer "spoor" were seen, but no reindeer. At the highest part we found the snow discoloured by a very fine dark gritty dust; and it is a remarkable fact that this discoloration of the snow was the result of volcanic eruption in Iceland. After the eruption a gale set in from the W.S.W., which on Easter Monday, 1875, positively carried the clouds of scorix right across Norway. The line was followed even to Sweden, and corroborated by some peasants who were out when it fell. We soon began to descend a little to a vast plateau. Our provisions had been fallen back upon every few hours, and were now much reduced. The farmer looked forward to the plateau as being likely to afford some "molte-ber," a kind of raspberry with a hard skin, but juicy. A good and most useful man was the farmer.



Favoured by the weather, he steered well, and we soon came to an incline on the snow, where we could make a long and safe *glissade*. It was certainly a novelty to see us all flying down.

The farmer was the best man, and happily we reached the bottom in safety. Another hour and we lay down to rest and enjoy our "molte-ber." They were deliciously refreshing.



*Red Deer Antlers.*

The house-painter, or "maler," suggested that there was a sæter somewhere at the head of Eikesdal which we might try for. "That is just what we are making for," said our cheery chief, the farmer; "in about an hour we shall be there." On

we went, our fatigue forgotten in the grandeur of the scenery and the difficulty of picking one's way, for hopping from stone to stone absorbs the attention considerably. The time soon passed, and after we had completed our twelve hours' walk



*The Gentle Reproof.*

we had arrived at some weather-worn, storm-riven, dwarfed, gnarled, and twisted birches, beyond which, in a botten, lay our sæter. What an invasion! The two girls were astonished,

but when they heard the voice of the farmer all was well. Ole immediately ordered a "bunker," as it is called in Romsdal; in Gudbrandsdal it is termed "rummer collar." How we



enjoyed our rest after this simple food! A bunker should be described; it is a flat wooden tub of curds and whey, and is handed to two people. Each person is armed with a spoon, with which it is etiquette to draw a line across the centre for your *vis-à-vis* to eat up to, not beyond. Few Englishmen ever reach the line unless they are very old hands.

We were now at the head of the Eikesdal gorge, or valley; a roaring torrent rushed down the centre to Utigaard; on the left were steep precipices with a large fall; while the opposite side was perpendicular, and threatened showers of Troll stones. As we descended we saw many huge masses of rocks which had ploughed their way down, carrying all before them. To see one of these *lapsus nature* is a very impressive sight, and makes one hold his breath and think. Passing through the valley, we noticed some

very curious snow-shoes, in form like the square frames on which sea-lines are wound, but with broader cross-pieces. Birch-twigs on each side and over the foot fix them. On we trudged, having taken farewell of the farmer and thanked him for his good services, and had a "skaal for Gamle Norge." Finally, we left the "maler," or house-painter, at his destination, where the old lady told us all about the dust coming down upon her; and now Ole and myself were alone to finish the day. We had started at four A.M., and it was now ten P.M. We at length saw the spire of a church—the kirk at Utigaard—and we began to inquire for Torstin Utigaard, of Utigaard, the hunter. At last we found his house, but he was on the fjeld. "Could we get a bed anywhere?" No, nothing. Ole persevered, and we presently found comfort.

## CHESTER CATHEDRAL: RESTORED AND UNRESTORED.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED RIMMER.

### I.—THE EXTERIOR. PART I.

THE purpose of this paper, and of another which is to follow it, is to exhibit the general result of the recent restoration of Chester Cathedral, by pointing out the chief contrasts that subsist between this building as it was before 1868 and as it is now. It is evidently natural, in the arrangement of two papers written with this end in view, to devote one to the exterior and the other to the interior.

As regards the exterior, there is no difficulty in deciding on

the exact point from whence the best general impression of the characteristics of this Minster is obtained. It happens, too, that the same point is the best for appreciating the difference between the Cathedral restored and the Cathedral unrestored. Taking our stand on the City Wall, so as to look from the South-East, and with a drawing of an earlier date in our hands, so that we may see the building as it was and as it is, we shall be enabled to mark the great change that has been effected,



*Chester Cathedral (unrestored) from the South-East.*

while perceiving also what there is in the general structure of this Cathedral and the arrangement of its parts which causes it to be characteristically different from others.

This point has the further advantage of being that to which any stranger would be brought for the best general view, or at which he would instinctively pause if he were making investiga-

tions without a guide in the immediate neighbourhood of the church. He could not fail to mark and to regret the choking up of this church by buildings on the outside, and the absence of any proper "Cathedral Close"—a subject to be borne in mind, when we deal presently with the western and northern sides of the structure. Hardly any cathedral in England has been so un-



fortunately hidden by inferior buildings. From the point above indicated the view is far more free than from any other. And, while standing here, we should not fail to observe that the City Wall at this place has been recently widened, and the condition of the Churchyard very largely improved and embellished with trees. These changes, if not strictly parts of the restoration of Chester Cathedral, are to be regarded as elements in that contrast between its condition of old, and its condition now, which is the subject of these remarks.

When from this point the eye ranges freely over the whole building, three very remarkable features at once arrest our attention. These are the singular conical roof at the extremity of the South Aisle of the Choir, the immense size of the South Transept, and the roof which surmounts the Lady Chapel at the eastern end of the Choir. To each of these features separate attention must be carefully given; for each has a history of its own, and a history of considerable interest.

Comparing the general aspect of the Cathedral as it stands before us, with the engraving of its older condition which is supposed to be in our hand, and moving a little to the north to see the termination of the north aisle, we can easily repro-

duce, in imagination, the former appearance of the southern aisle and of its junction with the Lady Chapel. A few years ago it used to extend two bays farther to the east, with a turret of modern construction at the point where it passed beyond the Choir, and with a huge buttress on the south, near its eastern extremity. To record the fact of this extension, and at the same time to mark off the graves which were once in the interior of the church, the space occupied by these two bays is flagged, and thus separated from the rest of the Churchyard.

The history of the change effected in this part of the Cathedral, with the result which is now seen, can be told in a few words. That huge buttress which has just been mentioned was a vain attempt to arrest a perilous tendency to fall, that had long ago manifested itself in this prolongation of the aisle. This peril was caused by the absence of foundations, a point to which we shall recur more particularly afterwards. The structure here was, in fact, in so bad a condition, that it was necessary to pull it down in order to restore its safety. Upon this a remarkable and unexpected discovery was made. It had always been known, through evidence supplied by the vaulting, that the aisle, before the eastern addition was made,



*Chester Cathedral (restored) from the South-East.*

terminated in an apsidal form. But, in preparing for demolition, preparatory to reconstruction, we became aware that the extraordinary conical roof, which is now seen again after several centuries, had once existed here. The evidence was supplied, partly by the existence of three arches between the outward and inward roofs, which had manifestly at one time borne a very heavy weight, partly by a projecting mass of stonework at this point, on the southern face of the clerestory wall, of which no one was ever able before to give any explanation,\* and partly by the discovery of certain worked stones that gave information regarding the angle at which this pyramidal roof formerly rose. At this point in the progress of the work of restoration the question was at once started, whether the eastern end of the aisle should be reinstated in the form which it presented in the early part of the thirteenth century, or in that into which it had been

transformed in the early part of the sixteenth. The decision was in favour of the earlier period, the termination of the northern aisle being left to represent the later.\*

One great advantage, which has been secured by this arrangement, is that we have recovered an architectural link between this building and buildings in Normandy with which it was associated by personal intercourse. The Benedictine monks who founded this church came from Bec, in that part of France; and the best example of this kind of lateral pyramid in the chancel of a church is found at Norrey, in that neighbourhood.† It may be remarked by the way that another good result which indirectly followed from the plan adopted in restoring this part

\* Attention should be called to the clever manner in which the architect has dealt with a difficulty inevitable in the reproduction of this pyramidal roof. A heavy weight was required in the buttress to the south of the pyramid; and this has been supplied in the form of a pinnacle, which adds much to the beauty of this singular termination of the aisle.

† In the late Dr. Whewell's "Architectural Notes" (p. 294) is an amusing account of his being apprehended here by the police authorities as a person dangerous to the public safety. Norrey is within easy walking distance of Caen.

\* In old engravings this mass of stonework used to be represented in the form of a beehive, resting on the aisle-roof, close to the clerestory. These engravings are very accurate; but it seems clear that this relic of old masonry was formerly larger than it is in living memory.



of the Cathedral was that the whole of the south side of the Lady Chapel was set free, so that the true forms of its buttresses, windows, and cornice could be reproduced, and an opportunity for coloured glass obtained, to which reference will be made when the changes effected in the interior are described.

Before we return to the Lady Chapel, let us now look at the great South Transept, which is popularly called St. Oswald's Church—and indeed, in one sense, is quite properly so called; for the parishioners of St. Oswald's have had for some centuries, and still retain, the right to worship within these walls. A glance at the old view and the new will at once show how great a change has been accomplished in this part of the general fabric. Correct tracery has been introduced into the clerestory windows; pinnacles, parapets, and flying buttresses have been added; and the disintegrated masonry has been renewed. But the chief reason why careful notice of the Transept is urged at this point in our description is its immense relative size. Its length is as great as that of the Choir; and this fact is the more remarkable, because the North Transept is very short. The explanation of these circumstances is, no doubt, to be found in the extension of their church southwards by the monks of St. Werburgh's over the ground of St. Oswald's parish, any similar expansion northwards being prevented by the conventual buildings. We shall return to this point presently. Meanwhile this close juxtaposition of the names of St. Oswald and St. Werburgh is worthy of remark. Both are historical personages, whatever amount of legendary matter may have gathered round their names. The former was a heroic king, trained under the successors of St. Columba, and intimately associated with St. Aidan's evangelizing work in the north of England. The other was an abbess of royal birth, connected by domestic and ecclesiastical ties with St. Ethelreda of Ely. Thus we have here, architecturally represented, the meeting of those two streams of Missionary exertion—the Scottish and the Roman—to which the establishment of Christianity in this part of England is due.

We were to revert, however, to the Lady Chapel. Many points in this part of the fabric would require careful notice, if this description were at all complete. The small semi-octagonal buttresses, or pilasters, beneath the windows,\* now correctly restored, are very peculiar: the recovery of the true form of the large general buttresses depended on an investigation of extreme interest: nor must we forget the underpinning, extended in this part of the Cathedral to a depth of more than twelve feet, which was necessary in order to make the building secure. But that to which special reference was made above is the Roof of this chapel. A building of this date must necessarily have had a roof of high pitch; but if one of high pitch had been carried continuously from end to end of the chapel, it would have blocked up the eastern window of the Choir. This problem

was very ingeniously solved by the architect through giving an apsidal termination to this roof at its western end, so that the light could be seen through the Choir window, while yet the general effect of a steep Early English roof was fully secured.

Standing at this point of the City Wall, we should not fail to observe the remarkably complete and instructive series of window-tracery which is full in view. Perhaps there is no place in England where the successive styles of window-tracery can be studied more conveniently and to greater advantage. Norman windows, indeed, do not exist in Chester Cathedral; but, to use the customary terms, Early English of a very fine form is to be now seen on the south side of the Lady Chapel; and this is followed by Decorated Geometrical tracery in the aisle and clerestory of the Choir; and this again is succeeded by Decorated Flowing tracery in the aisle of the South Transept; while the series is completed by the Perpendicular windows of the Clerestory of this Transept. As regards the Clerestory windows of the Choir, they have this peculiarity, that they are destitute of labels or hood-mouldings. The tracery of these windows, which is very light and elegant, was saved, by a narrow escape, from utter disappearance. Stone sticks (no other name would be appropriate) had been inserted on the south side; but on the north side two windows of the ancient form remained—so ruinous, however, that a violent storm might easily have shattered and destroyed them. From these two windows the whole series, both on the north and on the south, have been correctly reproduced. It ought to be added, that till the recent restoration the tracery of the windows of the aisles of the Choir and South Transept, though correct in form, was not really of stone, but of composite materials, which might correctly be described by the Yorkshire word "shoddy."

We must not leave this point without fixing our eyes on one thing more. This is the Central Tower of the Cathedral—a commanding feature, necessarily conspicuous in every general external view. When it is seen from a distance, there is an optical delusion which causes the restored turrets to appear to curve outwards; and this, of course, creates disappointment. But what we lose in one way we gain in another. There is no such disturbance of feeling when we see the Tower on a nearer view, as, for instance, from the City Wall, where we are supposed to be standing. Opinions will vary as to the propriety of placing a spire upon this Tower. There is no doubt that the ancient architects contemplated this addition; and the emphatic pinnacles which now rise on the eastern extremity of the Choir lead the mind up with complacency to this result. But, on the other hand, the Chester citizens never saw a spire on the summit of their Cathedral; and the general opinion is, probably, not in favour of such a change.

(To be continued.)

## THE NOTTINGHAM FINE ARTS MUSEUM.



HIS noble temple of the Fine Arts, which the Prince and Princess of Wales opened in July last, crowns the commanding rock on which once stood Nottingham Castle. In the lower story a series of well-lit rooms is devoted to the display of all sorts of costly textures from India, Burmah, China, and Japan, from Moorish regions, from Turkey, and from Persia. Pottery of all kinds, and metal-work ancient and modern, European and Oriental, enamels, ivories, carvings in marble and crystal, Venetian glass, old miniatures of famous persons, old jewellery of cunning workmanship, and all those many odds and ends so dear to the archæologist, are set forth with such taste as we associate only with South Kensington.

The pictorial section fills the staircases and upper story of the building; these are thrown into a series of half-a-dozen picture-

galleries, which are not to be surpassed by any in the kingdom for light and well-considered proportions. The walls of the entrance staircase are filled with the portraits of the heroes and heroines of the Civil War, and the royal Stuarts and the Cavaliers, and Cromwell and his Ironsides, will be recognised in some gallant man or devoted woman on all sides. The first gallery is very properly devoted to the noble landscapes of Henry Dawson, a native of Nottingham, and a glory to the town. Entering the great gallery, it will be found that one side is occupied with pictures by the old masters, such as Holbein, Velasquez, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, Cuypp, Claude, and the like, and in several instances by examples of the finest quality. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth, may be seen at their very highest and best, and, so far as the first two are concerned, over and over again. The other side of the gallery is filled with the masterpieces of living men.



## ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

## VII.

Signor EGISTO GAJANI, a distinguished cabinet-maker of Florence, contributes several works of artistic merit. The two figures introduced into the Cabinet, of which we give an engraving, are designed to represent Wealth and Knowledge influenced by His-



The work is carved in wood of the walnut-tree; the style is Florentine, of the period of Louis XV. It occupies a high place

among the productions in the Exhibition, and does much to uphold the ancient reputation of Italy in this branch of Art.

## THE INDIA EXHIBIT.—(Continued.)

ANOTHER kind of damascene-work is called Bidri. It is silver, in floriated patterns, hammered into an alloy of copper, and tin, blackened by chemical agency; these pieces are

vases, and many of them are of elegant shape. The Indian enamel is of several kinds, and some of the specimens shown are of great excellence. That known as *champlevé* has the pattern dug out of the metal, and the colouring matter (a paste made of glass and metallic oxide) laid in and fused in its place in the furnace, and



From the large and admirable display exhibited by Messrs. MINTON, HOLLINS & Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, we select for engraving a Chimney-piece composed of painted Tiles. It will show their supremacy in this class of work. Their contributions

of tiles are in great variety, and all of high excellence, not only of tiles proper, but of painted and decorated Slabs for fire-places, flower-boxes, and the many purposes to which this pleasant branch of Art can be applied.



afterwards polished. The Jeypore enamel, of extraordinary brilliancy, is of this description. A dish in one of the cases is the largest specimen of Jeypore enamelling ever made. It took four years to complete. Another and very beautiful kind of enamel is that of Petabghur, in Bengal; the enamel is emerald colour of great thickness and transparency, and small gold figures of animals, birds, &c., are let into the surface while still in a state of fusion. This manufacture is confined to a few families, who use no other furnaces than holes made in the ground, in which they blow up their charcoal-fire with the lungs.

"The arms are, perhaps, the most interesting of all the presents exhibited. Every one seems to have been anxious to offer the prince a sword, dagger, or weapon of some kind. Many are of extraordinary historical interest—e. g., the sword of Polygar Katabomma Naik, who defeated the English forces early in this century, and it has been kept till now as a family relic. The plate-armour is unchanged in shape since the twelfth century (perhaps since a much earlier date). The chain-suits feel like silk when handled; every link, though barely a quarter of an inch across, is separately riveted. Swords, daggers, knives, spears, battle-axes,



We have made some selections from works contributed by the widely-known FROMENT MEURICE,



who has long held the highest position among the jewellers of France. The objects we select from his



exhibit are four of his jewels, a diamond Brooch and three enamelled Bracelets; they are charmingly de-



signed, and are of great value as examples of pure Art. We give also an engraving of one of his Flower



Vases. The model is of much artistic merit. The father of the present director of the works founded the

maces, and arms, ancient and modern, of every description, are collected in these cases. A fine gun has the stock of inlaid ivory beautifully carved in small reliefs. Some, again, are modern; one, a gun of recent make, is entirely gilt, the stock included. But the whole collection is of great artistic value. Horse-furniture, too, of rich materials, and hung over with rows of scutcheons of red gold, is to be seen in one of the cases. The gold pendants resemble those of Roman imperial horse-trappings of the first and second centuries, and are rich and effective. A silver chair and a howdah of gilt metal, an ivory and ebony palanquin and bearers, the gift

establishment half a century ago. He was a true artist, and the friend of all the best artists of his country and his period. So large a celebrity had he attained, that he was styled the modern Benvenuto Cellini, and the produc-



tions that emanated from his gifted mind, matured by experience, contributed much to secure for France the pre-eminence that was acquired by her in this branch of Art.

of the Princess Bobili, are among the curiosities of the collection.

"A large assortment of Bombay inlaid-work, that beautiful manufacture derived originally from Persia, is shown in several cases. It consists of sandal-wood, into which discs, stars, and borders made up of minute dies are inserted. The ornament is made of bundles of triangular and square rods of tin, ivory, and ebony, &c., glued together, and cut off in slices and let into the wood. Bombay black-wood carving is also shown. The carved workboxes, card-cases, and other small wares in sandal-wood are well known.



We engrave on this page two other contributions of the renowned firm of FOURDINOIS. The one is of a Sofa, and is grace-

ful and beautiful, the composition having exercised a brilliant fancy. The other is of a Side-Table, a pleasant example of true Art. The



style has been long familiar, and the Exhibition contains many examples of it; but MM. Fourdinois have given to this production

much originality, adding new thought to the French classic of old style.

This carving is executed at Surat, Ahmedabad, Bombay, and Canara. That of Surat and Bombay is in low relief of foliage; that of Ahmedabad has mythological figures among the leaves. A curious and delicate kind of inlaying of brass wire in walnut-wood is exhibited by Sir John Strachey from Mynpuri. The pietra-dura work inlaid in white marble is still produced at Agra, and examples of it are to be seen. Of carved agate and pietra-dura there are several examples; the most beautiful is the jade, prepared for sword and dagger hilts and other purposes, and generally set with precious stones. This work comes from Cashmere. Many beau-

tiful examples of painted and lacquered work figure in the Exhibition; the best is papier-mâché work in the form of inkstands and small wares. It is painted after Persian designs. Various other Indian manufactures of great interest are illustrated among the numerous offerings made by rich and poor to the prince; necklaces and bracelets of perfumed woods, seeds of the red saunders, betel-nut palm, and other plants; leather mats from Guzerat, beautifully embroidered; peacocks' feather fans, and mats of feathers with beetles' wings added, and many other objects.

"There is not much native painting, if we except the careful



The Dirk is one of a suite of Highland costume, the work of



MARSHALL of Edinburgh. It is in black enamel on silver, designed in Scots taste.

The two Plaques are of glass, selected from the many beautiful contribu-



tions of LOBMEYER, of Vienna. They are exquisitely designed, and elaborately, yet with exceeding refinement, cut and engraved. They might



serve as models for many classes of designers for Art manufacturers.

A Candelabrum, placed on a stand of much artistic grace and beauty, is the



production of M. SERVANT, others of whose excellent works we have engraved.

miniatures from Delhi, many of them examples of rich and skilful illumination. The Indian clay figures are remarkable. Their truth to nature is astonishing, and the more so when we reflect that realistic Art of this kind goes no further than the production of these little images. Two models of chariots, one drawn by cream-coloured bullocks, and the other by cream-coloured horses, are admirable examples of this strangely-limited skill. Up in the wooden structure may be seen a beautifully turned and carved ivory bedstead from Travancore. Among the rich tissues are brocades stiff with gold—*kincobs*—from Benares and Ahmedabad.

The richest and most costly is one of gold tissue and colours presented by the Guicowar of Baroda. A large number of cases and boxes, carved or enriched in various degrees, contain addresses in all languages. Many others are in bags or purses of silk or stuff. Where the greatest efforts were made to please, many of these articles, like the table-services, show attempts to follow English models, and the native grace of the workmen has not been improved in the process. Indeed, the bad results of European teaching on the immemorial Art-traditions of India is but too often perceptible in looking over this interesting collection, in which



Messrs. GOODE, of South Audley Street, London, represent the famous firm of Messrs. MINTON, of Stoke-upon-Trent; the whole collection, of great extent and very large value, is exhibited under

their auspices. It is unnecessary for us to describe the examples which we have engraved; they are of a high Art grace and beauty.



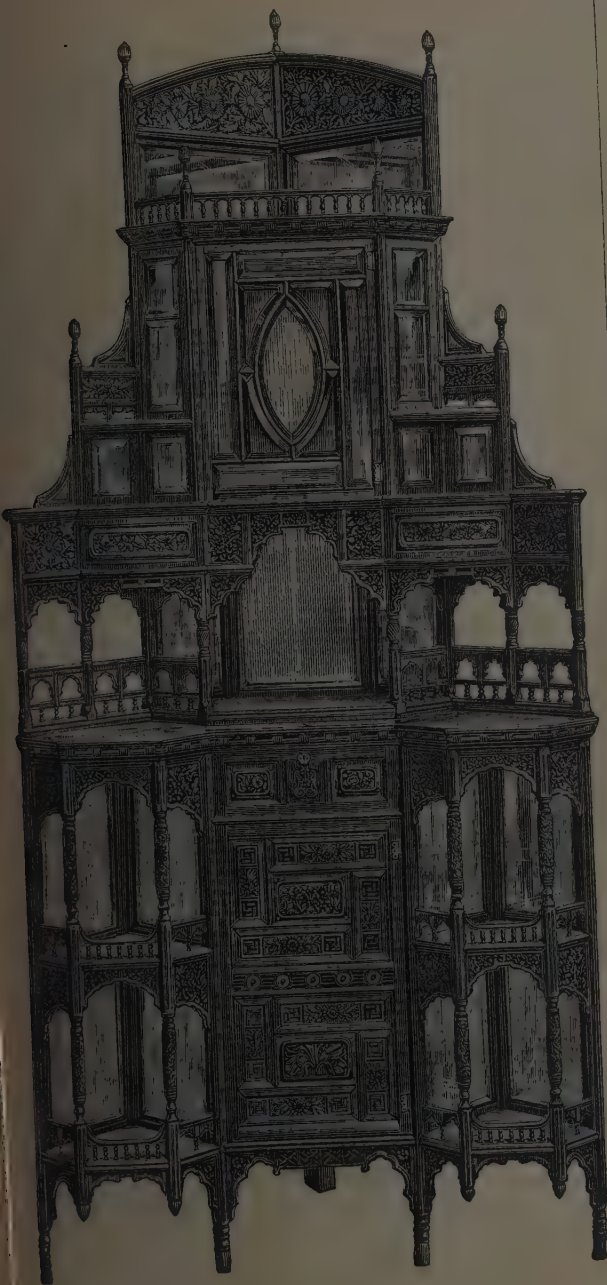
older work can be seen side by side with the new fashions. For instance, in the glass case containing the famous Cashmere shawls, formerly looked upon as not to be rivalled, will be seen patterns introduced by French agents who had been sent over on purpose. Over the closely filled pine-cone pattern, completely covered with minute flower-work, with rich borders one outside the other, these reformers have introduced sprawling white curved lines which cross the entire shawl in various patterns. The staring aniline dyes so popular at home have also been supplied to embroiderers, weavers, and carpet-makers, in various districts of India. The

pure primary colours, interwoven and broken up with a feeling for harmony and balance that was as unerring as instinct, will not bear the introduction of hues so much at variance with these sober compositions. The Government have introduced into the prisons the manufacture of cheap carpets, partly with a view to lower the cost of maintaining those establishments. These carpets are coarse in design, plentifully stained with modern dyes, and are put into the market at low prices so as to undersell the productions of free labour. Hence the falling off in Indian carpets is greater even than that of Cashmere shawls. It is a question how far

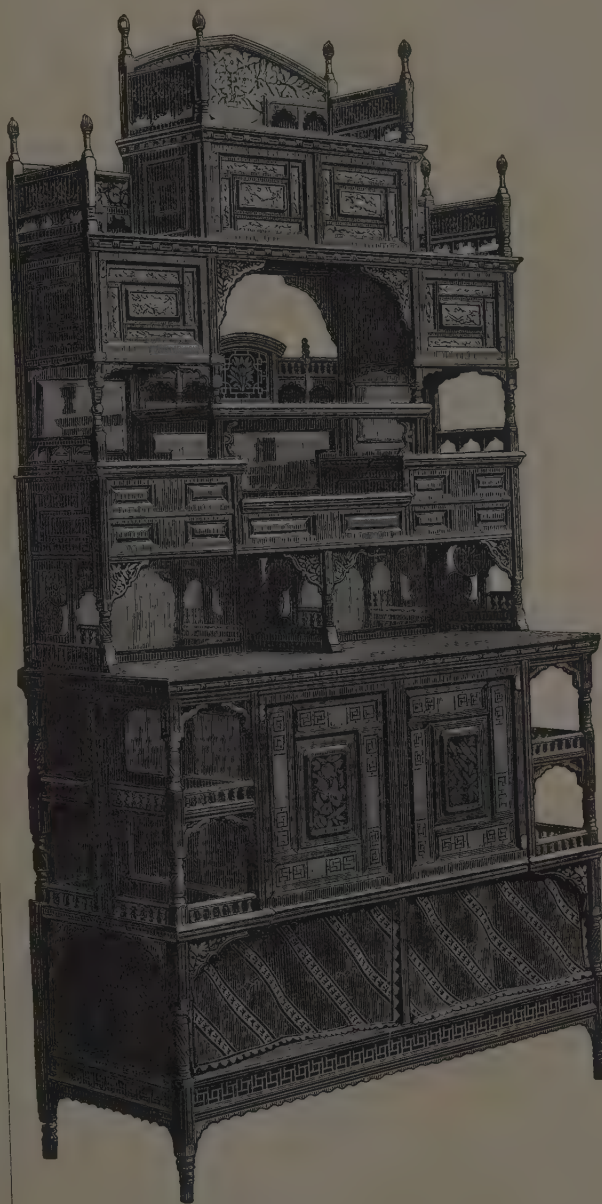


We engrave two others of the Cabinets contributed by Messrs. MES SHOOLBRED and Co. They are justly entitled to rank

among the best works in the Exhibition, and do great credit to the enterprising manufacturers. They are composed of various



woods judiciously intermixed, the prevailing sort being satin-wood. They are designed as well as manufactured in the extensive esta-



blishment whence they emanate, the designs being the produce of experienced and practised artists.

teaching Renaissance Art will improve on the traditional accomplishments of weavers, embroiderers, carvers, and metal-workers, who have preserved to this day methods and designs coeval with those of ancient Egypt. Can the two traditions coexist? If we examine Greek painting on vases and pottery we might say that these traditions could, under certain circumstances, subsist side by side. Actual facts in India seem, however, rather to tell in the other direction." A Hindoo anchorite, who confines for days his thoughts to Brahma, is said to become the prey of all sorts of hallucinations. The attractions of this India exhibit would surely save him from so sad a fate.

#### POTTER'S WORK.

HE who would really study the ceramic art will find a rare opportunity in the Exhibition. Its various sections present magnificent examples of almost every description of ware produced, ancient or modern, Oriental or Occidental. The ancient specimens in the retrospective galleries in the Trocadéro Palace include many of the choicest examples from the best private collections in the world. Artistic pottery is to be found from the earliest known to us down to that of the last century; and so admirably arranged, and, where possible, classified, as to bring out its beauties and aid the student



The exhibits of Messrs. HOWELL and JAMES in several Art departments merit the high encomiums they have received.

Those of which we give engravings on this page are from the collection of ceramic works, the issues of the institution they



have established, mainly to supply graceful and appropriate, and at the same time profitable, employment to ladies. The

Clock, and the Vase at each side, are from the designs of Mr. Lewis F. Day; the delicately painted figures of 'Sunlight' and



'Moonlight' on the vases being the work of Mrs. Fisher. The three Panel Pictures are on china by Miss Ada Hanbury. They

justly obtained the first prize at the competitive exhibition of Messrs. Howell and James.

in his work. As to modern porcelains and earthenware, they are seen in every section of the Exhibition, and not only in the ordinary form, but combined in a dozen different ways, entering largely into building and decoration, and constituting a beautiful element in the designs of ornamental furniture.

China claims to have invented porcelain, and to have perfected the art while half the nations now exhibiting were in a savage or little civilised condition, and we cannot disprove that claim. Certainly, for beauty of material, perfection of manufacture, general fitness of ornamentation, and brilliancy of colour, the Chinese pot-

ters are unequalled—unless, indeed, it be by their neighbours the Japanese.

But with respect to the excellence of the modern ware as compared with the ancient, we think it will be generally admitted by those who have paid most attention to the subject that the Chinese have lost much of their art; they are still skilful enough to reproduce almost any ancient specimen, but their work no longer displays that charming fecundity of fancy and artistic taste which formerly characterised it. European contact has also borne bad fruit, as it has in India. We have seen English sideboards and



We engrave from the collection of Messrs. ELKINGTON & Co.



two of five pieces forming a small Dessert Service, composed of



iron inlaid with gold, works of delicate and very refined beauty.

sofa-frames carved all over by Indian artisans, the results being simply hideous monstrosities; and there is sad evidence, here and there, either that Europeans fancy they can teach Orientals something in the way of decoration, or that the Chinese think bad imitations of European designs will sell better than their own. The Japanese have been affected in the same way, but not to the same extent; there is a *cachet* about all their ware that is very striking. We do not mean to assert that their taste is always perfect, and that there is never any extravagance; on the contrary, their imitations of ivory carvings, and complicated groups inserted in the

We give also a Silver Jug in the Renaissance style. On either side are genii representing Day and Night, with the symbolical



cock and owl. The Jug accompanies the two Dishes representing the twelve months of the year, one of which we have engraved.

sides of great bottles, perfectly executed though they are, resemble a Palissy dish covered with large fishes, snakes, and frogs, and deserve to be regarded only as *tours de force*—as showing what the artist can do, not what he does at his best. Admitting much that is said respecting the inferiority of modern Art in the far East, we find in these two courts Art which can scarcely be equalled elsewhere.

"Old Sèvres" are words which sometimes cause a thrill in the sale-rooms of New York as well as of Paris, and in the minds of some persons we believe the idea is fixed that no other French



Messrs. BROWN BROTHERS, of Edinburgh, contribute examples of high-class furniture, and occupy a prominent and honourable place in the Exhibition. That which we engrave is a Side-board, of dark mahogany, in the "Adam's style"—a remarkably

meritorious specimen of the characteristic features of that style. The details are carried out with great delicacy and finish. The lower part has three drawers under the top, with a cupboard below at each side, and an open space in the centre



suitable for the display of old china. We draw particular attention to the beautifully carved doors of cupboards, and the fine ornament richly carved on drawer fronts; also to the quaint and nicely turned and carved pillars at each side of the recess. The

top part has two tiers of shelves, with bevelled mirror in the centre between the shelves. At each side of the mirror, and above it, are broad bands of the "Adam's" festoon done in embossed leather, and coloured in harmony with the tone of the mahogany.

porcelain is worthy to be named in the same breath. Of course it is easy to make a fetch of that which is old—it is only the drawing of a line at a given date, adoring all above it and condemning all below: it saves a world of study and trouble, and makes the connoisseur safe, except when he falls into the trap of adoring a false mark; and such traps are very many. "Fine old Sèvres" is a regular manufacture in Paris, or rather just outside Paris; there is little secret about it.

Nevertheless, the show of Sèvres porcelain at the Exhibition is one of the most superb of which France can boast, set up where

it should be, in the Vestibule of Honour, in a Renaissance temple expressly designed for it and for the productions of the other famous state factories of the Gobelins and Beauvais, each of which enhances the effect of the other. It presents, both from the artistic and the material point of view, perhaps the most admirable illustration of a charming art that can be conceived. The history of Sèvres is full of interest, and, as regards its general outline, too well known to bear repetition. The beginning of the porcelain-works was not at Sèvres, but at Vincennes, in 1745; they were removed to the former place in 1753, when it became a royal esta-



This page contains engravings of two noteworthy productions, the work of EUGENE



BAGUES, of Paris. They are of wrought iron, very admirable in design, but exhibiting sin-

gular triumph over difficulties presented by a comparatively impracticable metal. The Flower Stand and Flower Vase are of much beauty, but the Chandelier is



perhaps as perfect a production of its class as the Exhibition supplies. Both, as well as other works by the same master mind, are among the most attractive contributions to the collection, and will indeed take rank with the best of the century.

blishment. The ware made at first was an imitation of true porcelain, and was called *porcelaine tendre*; but when great deposits of kaolin, or disintegrated feldspar, were found in France, the *porcelaine dure*, *porcelaine kaolinique*, or true porcelain, was produced.

This was between the years 1765 and 1768. For fifteen or twenty years after the last date both kinds of *pâte* continued to be made, but the use of the *pâte tendre* was given up about the end of the century, and not resumed till 1850. Every one who has a taste for china knows the beauty of the colours of the old Sèvres,

*le bleu du roi*, *celadon*, *rose du Barry*, &c. For a time the secret of these colours, or some of them, seems to have been partially lost, but the progress made within a few years is truly astonishing. Not only are the old colours reproduced now, but a large number of new tints have been "invented," in accordance with the altered, and, as we believe, greatly improved taste of the day.

All the pieces of ware exhibited at present in the Champ de Mars date since the last International Exhibition in Paris, 1867, and we have no hesitation in saying that never before were so many



We engrave another of the Cabinets of GAJANI, of Florence; it is a contribution of great Art value to the Exhibition. The manufacturer is an artist of much power, who has well earned the great reputation he has obtained. Italy comes to the front as re-



gards this especial order of Art. Its productions manifest sound manipulative skill, together with ability in design, results of study, and practice in the best school. This may be accepted as suggestive to other nations. The designer of this cabinet has adhered to the old traditions of Italian Art as derived from the Greek.

or so important improvements effected in porcelain manufacture in an equal space of time.

The amateur is satisfied with the effect of an object of Art, but a true connoisseur is acquainted with the principles involved in the production, for with them the possibilities of the manufacture are absolutely involved. Now, in the old time, and until a very few years ago, a piece of decorated porcelain had to pass many times through the furnace; some colours required a different amount of heat from others, and few of them would support more than about 300° Centigrade. With the scientific aid of the late chemist and

MM. FOURDINOIS supply us with the work that fills this column. As with all the productions of their atelier, it exhibits skill and



power, refreshing both the eye and mind, and giving to the productions of the Art-manufacturer all advantages.

physicist Regnault, the present administrator, M. Robert, and the able directors at the works, a most important change has been effected, one that could hardly have been dreamed of a short time ago; and this has been brought about not by accident, but after innumerable scientific researches and practical experiments. It consists in the discovery of methods by means of which all the colours in use are burnt in simultaneously, and not at the comparatively low heat of 300°, but at about three times that temperature, so that the vitrification is complete, and the whole work is at once more brilliant and more durable than ever.



The firm of BOYER and SONS, bronze manufacturers of Paris, supplies us with a Jardinière, or general ornamented stand, richly

elaborated. It is designed without especial thought as to style, but its several parts are brought into harmony, while each, taken sepa-



rately, is a beautiful and characteristic example of good Art. MM. Boyer and Sons have sent us some figures of most refined grace

and beauty, but such as we cannot satisfactorily engrave on wood.

The opening of the new Sèvres manufactory last year was an occasion of extraordinary interest, chiefly because the French Government had provided a credit of \$7,000 for the establishment there of a studio for workers in mosaic—a class of persons whose services in ancient Rome were of conspicuous and lasting value. At this moment some Florentine artists, imported for the purpose, are now in charge of the studio, modelling a decorative frieze for the façade of the manufactory. The most important accession to the new establishment, however, is the ceramic museum, concerning which M. Philippe Burty, the distinguished critic, who recently

visited it, has written as follows: "The museum occupies the whole length and breadth of the first story of the principal building. The specimens of *faïence* are arranged in glass cases down the middle of the two galleries, which start from a square room in the centre. Other cases and tables, placed at right angles to the wall, occupy the window-side, so that hardly any room is wasted, and the light is excellent. The collections, much richer than they ever had the credit of being in the small rooms of the old manufactory, are here unfolded to view, like the pages of a technical and historical dictionary. Their order of arrange-



This page contains a bust-size miniature of Gaston de Foix, the youth-hero of the sixteenth century. It is of exquisite enamel intermingled with gold; guarded, as it were, with a gorgeously va-

riegated frame of much comparative width, consisting of the boldest alti-relievi of allegorical and other figures. The house producing these fine examples of Art is that of FALIZE and SONS, of Paris.



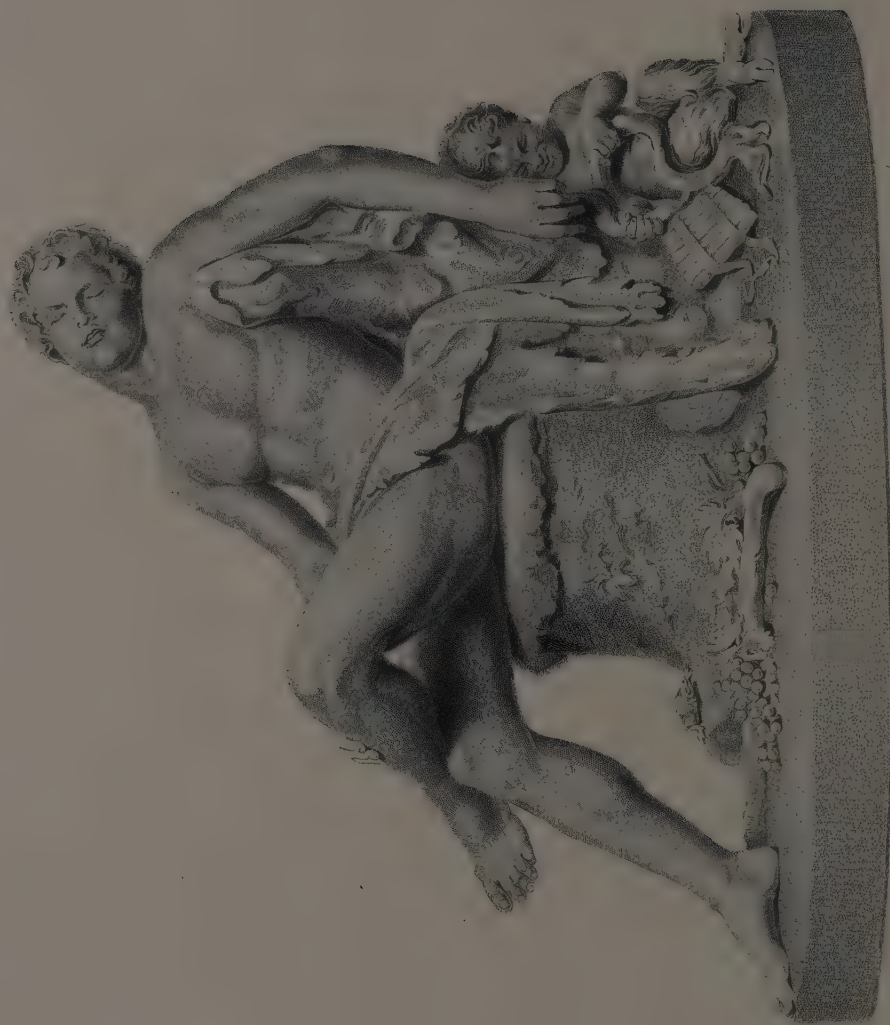
ment is methodical, but in no way pedantic. Both the eye and the mind are charmed and interested by these surviving witnesses of by-gone ages and civilisations. A list of the contents, affixed to each case, supplies the temporary want of a catalogue. Entering the gallery to the right, we come successively to the ancient Egyptian pottery, the Greek, the Phœnician, and the Etruscan (unglazed and glazed), the Roman, Celtic, Gaulish, Gallo-Roman, from the seventh to the sixteenth century (found in France), the Mexican, the Spanish, &c., &c. Then to a life-size figure of the Virgin in a sitting posture, with the child Jesus, in the act of blessing, standing on her left knee, modelled and enamelled in

white by one of the Della Robbia family, a choice and interesting specimen of Italian art of the fifteenth century. . . . We will bring our tour of inspection to a close by calling attention to the few but beautiful specimens of fine old Chinese and Japanese porcelain, and lastly to a set of the original models in terra-cotta, which were made for the royal manufactory at the end of the eighteenth century, by Falconet, Pigalle, Pajou, Clodion, Larue, &c. It is here that is displayed this French art (the revival of which has been so slow) in all its science and all its beauty, its taste and spirit, which must not be slavishly imitated, but studied and understood."









THE SLEEPING FAUN.

ENGRAVED BY E. STODART, FROM THE SCULPTURE BY MISS HOSMER.



## OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

## THE LAST PRAYER.

(Frontispiece.)

J. L. E. MEISSONIER, Painter.

W. STEELINK, Engraver.

**T** is a very rare occurrence, indeed, to meet M. Meissonier on such ground as he occupies in this picture; indeed, so far as our experience of his works testifies, it is a solitary example of his pencil having been engaged on a theme of solemn and sacred import: his more familiar subjects are the occupations of life when manhood is in its prime, and its actions are prompted by a love of amusement or interest in military matters, as 'Skittle-Players,' or 'A Game at Chess,' in the former case; 'A Guard-house,' 'A Man choosing a Sword,' in the latter.

The artist, however, seems to have adopted at one period of his early practice a kind of grave subject, for in 1839 he painted and exhibited in Paris a picture called 'A Priest attending a Sick Person,' and in the year immediately following another of a similar kind, entitled 'The English Doctor.' Now, though we have no absolute authority for saying the picture here engraved is the former of these two last-mentioned works, the inference is that they are really one and the same.

Whether the scene is one actually witnessed by the artist, or only an ideal composition, is of little importance as regards the Art it shows, though additional interest would be associated with it were the history of the dying man known, and were he recognised as some public character. There is nothing in the death-chamber to give any clue to its sick occupant, now rapidly passing away from the busy scenes of life. With eyes half closed in the sleep of death, he yet holds firmly in both hands one of the priest's who has offered the last prayer for him, and most probably has received his confession. On the wall by the side of the bed is a crucifix, and on a stool in the foreground is a covered jug, from which the poor sufferer has moistened his parched lips. These objects, with the curtains or hangings, constitute the only visible furniture, except the bedclothes, in the apartment, which throughout looks dreary enough—too much so almost for a hospital-ward, or even a prison-cell. But the story is pointedly and impressively told, with a Rembrandtish effect of light and shade, and a delicacy of finish only to be equalled by the great Dutch painter's brother artists Terburg and Metzua.

## RUTH AND NAOMI.

ARY SCHEFFER, Painter.

J. LEVASSEUR, Engraver.

ARY SCHEFFER, though born in Holland, has always been regarded as a French painter, inasmuch as he received his Art education in Paris under Pierre Guérin, his mother—who had lost her husband, also a painter—having removed with her family to that city in 1811. Ary made such great progress under his master, that in a

very few years he painted some pictures which brought his name well before the public. In subjects of a religious tendency, as well as in those of a secular kind, and both relating to history, he was alike successful, and was not long before he achieved a high reputation. We do not know when the picture here engraved was painted, but the subject treats of the departure of Orpah and Ruth from the land of Moab to return with Naomi to the land of Judah. "And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? . . . And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods; return thou after thy sister-in-law. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go," &c. (Ruth i.). The two figures in the foreground are those of Ruth and her mother-in-law, engaged in this loving altercation; Orpah has turned back towards her own country, but Ruth animatedly expresses her determination to remain with Naomi, who, "when she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her." The depth of the mother's feelings is expressed in her saddened countenance and flowing tears, and Ruth's warm entreaties to be allowed to stay behind are sustained by her appealing eye and the action of the hands, one of which holds fast that of Naomi, as if resolved not to part from her. The scene is sufficiently pathetic in general expression, while the principal figures show much good drawing and modelling.

## THE SLEEPING FAUN.

Engraved by E. STODART, from the Sculpture by Miss HOSMER.

FROM the time when, in 1851, Harriet Hosmer produced her first girlish work, 'Hesper'—she was then but twenty years of age—till the appearance of her 'Pompeian Sentinel,' this lady has been gradually making such progress in her refined art that she has attained a very high position in it, both on the European and American Continents. Trained in the studio of John Gibson, Miss Hosmer has shown her taste for, and skill in, poetic sculpture by her statues of 'Daphne' and 'Medusa,' 'Cenone' and 'Puck;' while those of 'Beatrice Cenci' and 'Zenobia in Chains' testify to her skill in designing and modelling figures which are more associated in the mind with the world of humanity by which we are surrounded. The master augured for her a brilliant future, and, as the Art world has long seen, was not wrong in his predictions, for each successive work from her hand has proved an additional leaf to her wreath of laurels; and certainly this 'Sleeping Faun' may be reckoned among the brightest, so poetically is it designed, and so naturally is it treated. The easy, *nonchalant*, drowsy attitude could scarcely be surpassed; every limb of the figure is in perfect repose, and the head resting on the left shoulder is expressive of sleepy weariness. Seated by the side of the stump of the tree on which the wood-god reposes is a juvenile satyr amusing himself; and by his side a reed-pipe, bunches of grapes, and other attributes of sylvan life, aid in the general interest of the group.

## FLORAL ADORNMENTS.

**T**HE increased demand for cut flowers for decorative purposes, in the last decade or so of years, is simply wonderful; and florists have, as a natural consequence, multiplied throughout the land. Bridals and funerals, and house and table decoration, demand exhaustless supplies; and American extravagance, that must have the best of everything—meaning the most expensive—seldom thinks of utilising, as the French do, and with such charming results, the many despised products of garden and field.

Who, for instance, that has seen them filling the summer emptiness of a country fireplace, or "Franklin," carelessly thrust into a broken pitcher, or brown earthenware jug, could be persuaded of the ornamental capabilities that lurk in common asparagus-tops? They are truly beautiful, however, when cut low down and tied up with moss just to fit the receptacle for which they are intended, so that they are tightly forced in; and in this condition they will retain their freshness for a long time. Hyacinth-glasses treated in this way are exceedingly ornamental, and people who have asparagus-beds will find in them quite a gold-mine of decoration. The



light, misty character of the foliage renders it particularly graceful; and it can be effectively combined with many other things.

On an early September Sunday, in a little country church, the font was a mass of beauty, and great was the puzzle, for some time, to distinguish the nature of its contents. Light, feathery bloom, with a sort of golden mist, and bright dashes of colour, were the prevailing features; but, gradually, asparagus-tops, ferns, golden-rod, and scarlet sage, were recognised. It was so appropriate to the season—representing, as it were, the golden mist of September and the glowing autumnal hues, with the verdure and bloom of departing summer—that everyone acknowledged it to be, though of the simplest materials, a perfect floral poem.

The effect of all floral decoration depends far more upon good taste and an eye for colour, than upon the quantity or quality of the flowers. A geometrical arrangement of flowers is hideous—grouped, as some one says, in strict accordance with the bedding system—a ring of yellow, a ring of scarlet, a ring of blue, and a central dot of white. Yellow should be very sparingly used in any case, though some yellow flowers are less objectionable than others; the delicate little mahernia, for instance, is its own fragrant excuse for being—yellow; and its golden bells are so modestly unobtrusive that it is scarcely perceptible except by its sweetness. Two shades of an objectionable colour render it less conspicuous than a single bright shade; and especially is this the case with yellow. The jonquil, narcissus, and daffodil, and other yellow flowers of spring, are not felt to be glaring because of this constant variety of shade; and it is extremely effective with flowers of all colours. A single vase or basket of roses, ranging through all the shades of red and pink, from the rich, dark crimson of the giant of battles to the pale flesh-tints and creamy whites of the more delicate varieties, is one of the most beautiful of floral decorations.

The rule for colour in the arrangement of flowers is to put blue in juxtaposition to orange, and violet to yellow; while red and pink flowers are seen to the best advantage with a judicious mingling of verdure only, or accompanied by white; but where there is a perpetual breakage, "a little dab of one colour, and then an atom of white," the effect is anything but pleasing. Stiffness is especially to be avoided; and a careless, chance arrangement of a few graceful blossoms is often more effective than the most studied art. One of the prettiest floral decorations we ever saw was a large mother-of-pearl shell, with its opal glowing lights and deep-green lips, as though the sea-waves had left the imprint of their riotous kisses; it contained only four silvery-white callas, with their dark-green leaves. The vase was in such perfect harmony with the water-loving flowers that both seemed to have grown there together.

What marvellous effects those French florists produce with a limited amount of capital; and how artistically they decorate rooms and staircases! They do not hesitate to eke out their stores with artificial aids when profusion is necessary; but such is the perfection of their art that it is not easy to decide where it begins. Trellises of artificial ivy are used as backgrounds for floral adornments; and these trellises frequently reach to the ceiling. Many of the flowers, also, are artificial; but the effect of the plant-decked staircase, with light arbours of green crossing it at intervals, and the profusion of flowers and ivies below, all reflected in large mirrors, is that of a fairy scene, or a chapter out of the Arabian Nights.

They understand the art of making a few flowers go a great way in Paris; and the use of green moss, both for cut flowers and for growing plants, is almost unlimited. At the end of a hall in the Hôtel-de-Ville the eye is immediately attracted by the display of vegetation. This consists apparently of a bank of moss just in front of the inevitable mirror, which seems to be composed of velvety-looking lycopodium. But lycopodium does not grow wild, and is not to be used recklessly; in this case it forms the upper crust only to a foundation of common moss, that is to be had for the gathering in almost any piece of woods. The bank of moss is apparently dotted with clusters of Chinese primroses; but they are growing in pots, which are graduated in size, so that the back parts are reflected in the mirror. They slope to the floor in front, and merge at the sides into the groups of larger plants at each end of the bank—the pots being carefully concealed in the moss.

The whole arrangement is enclosed by a low, gilt-wooden, trellis-work margin. The predominating colour here is green; but there

appears to be no scarcity of flowers, and the effect is indescribably refreshing—like a bit of pure Nature in the midst of Art.

Another pretty and inexpensive device is a box of almost any kind that fancy and convenience may dictate, about eight inches deep by ten in width, and just long enough to go across the empty summer hearth, with a back of trellis-work covered with growing ivy. Flowers may be mixed with the green by placing a row of hyacinth-glasses in the box, and concealing the glasses with abundant moss—each glass containing a compact bunch of flowers. Japan lilies, white lilies, gladioli, and other large flowers, are suitable for this purpose; and even such gigantic blossoms as sunflowers and dahlias, generally so contemptuously banished from in-door decoration, may be mingled with huge roses, and used in this way with a quaint, Oriental effect that is far from displeasing.

If flowers are not to be had, a lovely mass of green may be produced by taking small branches from any trees in fresh leaf and putting the cut ends in jars with water and charcoal; the mouth of the jar is then closed with a lump of potter's clay.

It is astonishing how much humble beauty close at hand is neglected for want of a little invention; and comparatively few people are acquainted with the ornamental capabilities of the common field-daisy—the badge among farmers of poor soil and thriftless cultivation. It has long been popular, though, as an "artificial," and a bonnet trimmed with daisies has a picturesque sound that brings up visions of youthful grace and beauty. It is no less picturesque as a real flower—when there is not an acre or two of it within a bar-fence. We were glad enough, however, of the acre or two in the dilemma which resulted in its discovery for aesthetic purposes; and a daisy-pasture is quite a valuable adjunct to a house where the gardening is chiefly confined to vegetables.

It was July; and there was to be a wedding at the county boarding-house where we were quartered for the summer. The bride was our landlady's daughter, and the groom had a small clerkship in a neighbouring town; all were interested in making the wedding as pretty as possible. But June had spent everything in her wild prodigality, and there would be a lull in flowers until August brought asters and gladioli to brighten us up again. Money was lacking to send to the florist's; and the parlour *must* be made beautiful with blossoms and vines. What could be done in the matter?

An inspiration came upon us, and it took the shape of daisies. There is nothing like leaning over fences to get ideas—particularly when what one needs happens to be on the other side, and the farmer's proverbial fondness for this attitude was no longer a mystery to us. We came and saw and conquered—our dilemma then we got a huge basket and went to work.

We made a marriage-bell of daisies—it was lovely; we draped the ugly wooden mantel with moss and ferns for a foundation, and dotted the daisies over it in clusters; we festooned them on lampposts and brackets; we put them wherever it was possible or impossible for daisies to be. Then we arranged our small stock of roses, lilies, &c., in vases and baskets; and summoned the wedding-guests to come and do their worst in the way of criticism. The experiment was a grand success; people waxed enthusiastic over it; but it had one melancholy result—scarcely a daisy now raised its head in B—with half a chance of living out the term of its natural life.

As we write, there stands beside us on the deep window-sill a silver basket filled with grey Southern moss, that is thickly dotted with the pearly-white blossoms of the *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or blood-root, the buds of which have the exquisite tints of the undeveloped water-lily. The grey moss was a chance substitute for the green that was not to be had; but the combination has a singularly quaint and beautiful effect; and it would make a lovely Easter cross for a country church where flowers are not plentiful and green things are backward. The *Sanguinaria* has the disadvantage common to most wild-flowers—of losing its petals nearly as soon as it reaches perfection; but its pure though evanescent whiteness seems like an avatar of the snow itself.

A wedding anniversary that came in May was made beautiful with apple-blossoms. The little home-parlour, in an inland town, was like a blooming orchard; an obliging neighbour with an extensive garden having kindly allowed her trees to be rifled by an enterprising sister and cousin of the family, who elected themselves a committee on decoration, and spared neither pains nor



apple-blossoms to make their new floral departure a success. There were plenty of delicate, crisp ferns of the loveliest shade of apple-green; and these, with the pearly, blushing blossoms, seemed to fill the room with beauty and fragrance. They wreathed the chandelier; they festooned the mantel; they formed a rosy chaplet for the twelvemonth bride; they were everywhere and all-pervading, and breathed the very spirit of the May. "And the great beauty of it all," said the artists, flushed with success, and desisting from apple-blossoms only because there was no place left to put them in—"the great beauty of it all is that no one ever thought of doing it before." But even Columbus, it seems, could not say this; and it may not be safe to affirm it of apple-blossoms.

Hops are a much-neglected means of beauty; few of us associate them with anything but a bad attack of "neuralgia," otherwise toothache—when they suggest no beauty, but much comfort, as they come to us in the shape of a warm, moist, sleep-inducing pillow. These are dried and steeped; but the fresh, growing hop-vine is clothed with a wealth of flowing green tresses, of the most tender, vivid hue, and with a nameless grace of drooping and clinging, which makes them particularly desirable for decorative purposes; for, when used with flowers, they seem to have undergone a change into something rich and rare. People seldom recognise hops under these circumstances; and a lady who saw it twining around a vase asked, as a great favour, if she might have a slip of that remarkable-looking vine!

Morning-glories have long since been sung and painted into favour; but if they could only be made to keep their sleepy eyes open at least until the chickens go to roost! Folded up like a small umbrella, they are not at all ornamental. They are charming, though, in their short-lived prime; and a certain breakfast-table that we wot of is never without them so long as they are to be had. The large blue ones only are used; and these fill a white Parian pitcher with colour like that of heaven's own dome. The wild morning-glory has the advantage of keeping open for a much longer time; and though always of the same pinkish white, it has, like all trumpet-shaped flowers, a sort of grace about it; while the ends of the vine, with their numerous tendrils and small, arrow-shaped leaves, are very pretty twined around a vase or basket. The buds, too, of pale pink, are decidedly ornamental; and a receptacle of any kind filled only with these flowers, buds, and vines, is a prettier sight than one would imagine. Unfortunately, the weed fancies damp, marshy places to grow to the greatest perfection; and the finest blossoms and sprays are always

"Just over there—just over there—"

with a discouraging expanse of wet tufts and hillocks of grass between.

A distant relative of this same family, which is also beautiful for decoration, is the starry-eyed cypress-vine. The eyes are soft, velvety, and of a brilliant crimson or a snowy white—being the star-shaped blossoms of the plant; but they have the convolvi failing of chronic sleepiness, and close tightly soon after the moon-line has been passed—unless their enemy, the sun, retires behind a veil of clouds. The fine, shadowy foliage is the great beauty of the plant; and it is particularly suitable for combination with the most delicate flowers.

Nowhere, perhaps, do flowers give such a thorough look of refinement as on the breakfast, dinner, or tea table, and no matter how simple such adornments may be—a handful of field-daisies, a cluster of chrysanthemums, a bunch even of buttercups and grasses, show an appreciation of something beyond the practical bread-and-butter of life. Flowers have a language that is unmistakable; and there is beauty even in green leaves. But those who can most readily get access to these things are usually the last to appreciate them; and the wonder of the countrywoman over her city boarders, who seemed to enjoy the "brakes" (ferns) which they had "stuck up on the breakfast-table," and which she evidently regarded as a species of mild lunacy, is constantly repeated.

Épergnes and silver or crystal baskets filled with flowers are the chief beauty of a handsomely-laid dinner-table; and smilax and climbing-fern, maurandia and cypress-vine, make the prettiest greens for this purpose. Wet clay made into a sort of mound, and then covered with moss, is much better for filling the receptacles than water, as flowers can be more firmly arranged in it, and will stay just where they are placed, while all danger of "spilling" and wetting the table-cover is thus avoided. A tall, slender

épergne, with three series of receptacles, is, perhaps, the most effective; though an upper and a lower tray of different sizes, made only of painted tin and connected by a narrow glass tube that may be found at any druggist's, will prove quite satisfactory when filled with artistically-arranged flowers, and the stem encircled with some delicate vine and blossoms. A skilful mingling of fruit, if the receptacle is unusually large, will add much to the effect. The upper division should be generously supplied with buds; with a few graceful fuchsias, perhaps, drooping over the edge.

A silvered-glass épergne filled with water-lilies and ferns is a beautiful ornament. The subtle, delicious odour is like a blessing in disguise, and the exquisitely-tinted buds in their sheath of vivid green harmonise with the most delicate of the ferns, and should be placed by themselves at the top of the receptacle. A dash of vivid scarlet here and there, geranium or verbena, will give character and tone to this charming arrangement. But water-lilies, it will be objected, are only to be had near the water—though people may raise their own with a little care and a large tub; and even the lovely pink-tinged ones may cease to be almost as rare as large pearls.

Did any one ever see the font of a church filled with water-lilies and their broad, green leaves? Nothing could be more thoroughly beautiful and appropriate, or more delicious than the incense rising from these pure censers; but the sight is one that the writer has yet to behold.

This is digressing, however, from our table-adornments—where the field is large, and where flowers, like money, are no object, the possibilities delightful. Scarlet geranium and lilies-of-the-valley, with a few rich, purple pansies, are a beautiful combination, edged with the graceful smilax. *Mahernia odorata* and forget-me-nots are lovely with any large white flower; and a mass of geraniums, scarlet, pink, and white, can be very tastefully grouped with ivy-leaves. The great desideratum is to avoid a multiplicity of colours; and a plentiful supply of green takes away the stiff, set look that florists always contrive to give to their creations.

The gladiolus, which blushes like the rose through all the exquisite shades of pink, from dark scarlet-crimson to the faintest-tinged white, is much more ornamental than is generally known for table-decoration; and the simplest épergne filled with wet moss and edged with green rose-leaves, will display the flowers to great advantage. Rose-geranium, also, makes a pretty edging. The flowers should be removed from the tall stalk and arranged in shaded rows until the receptacle is filled.

Many flowers that look well in daylight are very unsatisfactory by gaslight; and in table-decoration, especially, this is a matter to be considered. Mauve, purple, yellow, and blue flowers do not generally light up well; but all the scarlets, and particularly scarlet berries, glow richly at night, and look more vivid than ever. Roses and geraniums can always be depended on for night decoration, as they never lower their colours to gas or kerosene; and autumn leaves are equally satisfactory.

Nothing but leaves is not very suggestive when green leaves are meant; and the beautifying properties of the Virginia creeper before it has lighted its autumn torch, and while the rich, tender green of perfect summer still shines on the clear-cut leaves, are very little known. The youthful sprays in their first "season" are lovely, and, besides adding much to the beauty of a flower-filled vase, they are valuable house-decorators when used entirely by themselves. And *à propos* of leaves, here is one of the prettiest pictures of simple tea-table adornment that could possibly be imagined, and one that is very easy of imitation. It is taken bodily from "Norwood:"

"Green leaves were first pinned together by their own stems into a plat, and then made into circular *mats*—the points of the leaves well advanced; and upon each one of these green mats rested a pure white china plate. Thus oak-leaves, hickory-leaves, maple and liquid-amber alternating, seemed sprouting from beneath every dish. A bowl had been arranged with selected grasses, and the butter-dish set in it in such a manner that the golden butter was fringed with the grasses from which it came. For the honey, which was snow-white and taken from the doctor's own hives, Miss Rose had herself collected white clover-blossoms, and arranged them upon a green base of red-clover leaves, so that the dainty comb seemed to rise up out of the very flowers which had yielded it.



"The large silver waiter which contained the tea-things rested upon a broad ruffle of coloured leaves—yellow and scarlet maple-leaves, golden-coloured hickory-leaves, deep-purplish leaves of the sweet-gum—and they were so arranged that the highest point of colour was at each end, and a gradation of colour tending all the way back to green terminated in the front in a real summer-green tuft of leaves.

"I was never more struck with the effects which can be produced by a skilful use of mere foliage without flowers; and I never before felt how coarse are the heaps and stacks of flowers which are piled upon decorated tables, in comparison with this delicate and almost flowerless use of leaves. It was, also, entirely inexpensive, and consumed but little time in the preparation."

A florist's bouquet is usually a thing of wires and shams, composed of bald-looking flowers, quite stripped of their native green, and supplied with very little verdure of any kind; but it always has some plan in view, some particular shape or effect to be aimed at—which is not so patent in the attempts of amateurs. A hopelessly stiff look is quite as often produced by those who would scorn to arrange flowers by rule, and who have not yet learned that the perfection of art consists in its apparent absence. Flowers seldom droop gracefully and get into just the right combinations by a happy accident; and to give an artistic look to the smallest bouquet is generally a matter of cultivation and practice. Some small flowers have such an excess of green for the amount of bloom that it is necessary to thin it out before the flowers can be made available for bouquet purposes; and especially is this the case with the forget-me-not, whose wee, turquoise blossoms are nearly lost to sight among the aspiring leaves. When this plant is plentiful—and once we had access to quite a pasture of it—exquisite bouquets can be made by closely massing it around a centre composed of one vivid pink rosebud, edging it with white—either lilies-of-the-valley or the delicate elder-flower—and finishing with a fringe of small ferns.

We were lately struck with the description of a bouquet that adorned a small round table. The vase was a plain frosted glass, shallow and wide—which, although pretty, is not a good arrangement for keeping flowers fresh, as too many are crowded into the amount of water such a receptacle will hold—and it rested on twisted supports of bright and frosted gilding. The dish was first filled with fresh, dark-green moss—one of the beautiful greenhouse lycopods. *Lycopodium denticulatum* is more desirable than any of them, as it can easily be grown in any shaded corner of the greenhouse, or in a window where flowering plants will not thrive for want of sun.

The moss was raised in the centre, not in a heap; it made a gra-

dual curve upward. The flowers were not numerous—one deep red rose, one of the palest blush-white, a spray of white convolvulus just touched with pink, a cluster of red, drooping flowers, one spray of pale wild-rose, one bright-pink rose, a cluster of white acacia, and a drooping branch of the pink convolvulus—the colour being only shades of rose and white. The effect was fresh, and bright, and beautiful. Each flower was simply laid down on the bed of green all around the vase; and no attempt was made to fill up the centre at all. The blossoms just touched, and each one had its own green leaves, the stems being thrust into the wet moss.

A fan-bouquet is very pretty, arranged with a handle on a wire frame. The flowers should be of colours to match or combine well with the dress, and a fringe of delicate green or white should edge the frame. Flat bouquets, too, can be made in this way and an agreeable change from the everlasting pyramid or circle.

A single flower worn at the throat, or belt, or in the hair, carries a peculiar charm with it; and the present fashion of a full-blown rose at the side of the head, in the Greuze style, is particularly coquettish. A breast-knot of violets, or lilies-of-the-valley is irresistible; and even the artificial ones, when you know them to be artificial, are not without their charms. A half-blown white rose and a spray or two of heliotrope never lose their popularity as a bosom or button-hole bouquet—we love the purple, odorous blossom for poor, sunstruck Clytie's sake, though from its perishable nature it would seem to have shared the same fate.

The passion for flower-adornment seems universal in Paris, and finds expression in the tasteful bouquets of the flower-girls who are to be met at every turn and corner, and the graceful young palm-tree in the shopkeeper's window that looks as fresh and bright at Christmas as in the prime of summer. But those white lilacs of Paris!—those snowy, sweet-scented, graceful clusters, that are so scarce with us at any season, and seem to exhale a subtle, indescribable sort of spell—are sold by the French florists from the last of October until the time comes for their natural blooming, out-of-doors.

They manage it in this way: they do not take the white lilac at all—as it is weak, and not so pure in colour when forced—but the purple, which they place under glass in September, and, beginning with a cool temperature, get it by degrees accustomed to a degree of heat that seems almost incredible. But this is carefully tempered by excessive moisture, and every particle of light is carefully excluded with straw mats. The result is those snow-racemes of fragrant blossoms that evidently mistake November for May, and fill the winter air with the sweetness of spring.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

## THE PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

### IV.

#### THE AMERICAN PICTURES.



THE Art department of the United States at the Exhibition has hardly realised what was expected of it by those who look upon the efforts of our young and as yet inexperienced nation in this direction with peculiar interest. For this there were many reasons, prominent among which was the very late acceptance signified by our Government to the French invitation to exhibit. That fact militated against the preparation of works specially intended for the Exhibition. Moreover, most of our young artists abroad, whether rightly or wrongly, decided that their pictures would show to more advantage in the *Salon*, and that a success at the Palais de l'Industrie would redound more to their credit, and indeed be less difficult to obtain, than a similar success at the Champ de Mars. In this opinion they were strongly supported by their professors. Then, too, the very cause that prevented our Exhibition from displaying anything like a representative exhibit of foreign Art also militated against the success of our Art department in Paris.

Persons who own valuable pictures are not particularly anxious to send them on an ocean-journey of over three thousand miles. And so it has happened that many of our best artists are not represented at all, while from others the specimens shown are unsatisfactory, and do not give by any means the full measure of the talent of the artist.

But the greatest defect of our Art exhibit does not lie in its meagreness, but rather in its lack of national characterisation. We do not mean to say that in *technique* and execution our Art like that of Spain, for instance, should be strikingly original. That would be asking too much of our young and, as yet, aesthetically undeveloped nation. But we had a right to expect that at least American artists would paint American subjects. The faces of American girlhood (a race unparalleled for beauty on either side the seas), the scenes of American daily life, events of our war, illustrations of our history or our literature—such, judging from the Art departments of the other nations, were the subjects that our painters should have chosen to show what Amer-



can Art could reproduce: instead of which we find Italian peasants, French reapers, Breton interiors, a Bavarian sheep-shearing, on one side; a scene from the war in La Vendée on another; even a drunken Parisian quean, leering vulgarly at her screaming parrot, this last the coarsest picture that is to be found within the limits of the Art-galleries of the Exhibition. No Frith reproduces for us the gay animation of Jerome Park on a race-day. No Fildes searches out the pathos of the daily life of our city poor. No Leslie makes immortal on canvas the exquisite freshness and sweetness of American girlhood. No Detaille has found his pencil moved to grander delineations by the doings of our Boys in Blue. Hawthorne, Bryant, Bret Harte, have found no illustrators. The blood in our painters' veins may be American, but the visions that throng their brains are European. The voice may be the voice of Jacob, but the outward aspect is that of Esau.

For this peculiarity (which is to be found in the Art exhibit of no other nation that, in this department, has made any display at all) the reason has been given that, as many of our artists are compelled to come abroad to learn how to paint, they naturally paint the personages and scenes around them. This excuse is perhaps a valid one, but it does not seem to hold good in regard to the artists of other nationalities. Bohemia, for instance, can hardly be said to be in itself a centre of Art instruction; yet, the Bohemian painters are strikingly and strongly national in their choice of subjects. Witness, for instance, the youthful and rising artist, M. Brozik, whose large picture of the 'Envoys of Ladislas, King of Bohemia, demanding the Hand of the Princess Madeleine of France,' won for him a medal at the *Salon* of this year. That picture was wholly painted in Paris, notwithstanding the fact that the requisite models and costumes were exceedingly difficult to procure.

The French critics commented with great surprise upon this peculiarity in the American Art department. Their interest was correspondingly great in the few works that reproduced scenes or characters from our national life. Thus the negro groups of Winslow Homer, the 'Corn-Husking' of Eastman Johnson, the 'Passing Show' of J. G. Brown, were all eagerly remarked, and received full notice and commendation.

The Art catalogue of the American department comprises one hundred and sixty-five numbers, whereof one hundred and twenty-seven are paintings in oil, the rest being water-colours, etchings, &c. Not a single statue or bust graces our exhibit, notwithstanding the renown that American sculpture has long enjoyed. We miss from the catalogue the names of several of the best-known of our artists abroad, and notably those of Messrs. Blashfield and Milne Ramsay. From our leading American painter in Europe, Mr. Frederick A. Bridgman, we have his fine 'Funeral of a Mummy,' already fully described in these pages, and a scene in a mosque entitled 'Allah Allah, Akhbar!' On first view it would seem to represent the Pharisee and the publican of Holy Writ. The white-bearded, venerable-looking personage in a full turban and flowing robes, who is looking up to heaven in the foreground, might do duty for the self-satisfied Pharisee; while the dusky-robed figure in the background, in attitude and aspect, not inappropriately represents the poor suppliant whose only utterance was, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!"

The 'Passing Show,' by J. G. Brown, is one of the brightest and most characteristic pictures in our department. A group of street-boys, jolly young Yankees, and nice little fellows every one of them, stand at the edge of the sidewalk, and they look with faces lighted with eager interest and amusement at a street procession that is passing in front of them. By a placard dimly visible on the wall behind the group, the passing show is seen to be no other than Barnum's circus. The varying expressions on the different faces are extremely well reproduced; and the bright little fellows are so evidently and thoroughly American—keen, intelligent, and wide-awake, amid their amusement, and with no touch of stolid wonder or stupid amazement on their animated features, such as would be displayed even by a Parisian *gamin* on such an occasion. The picture, too, is very excellent in execution, showing finish combined with breadth of treatment—altogether one of the best that the United States has sent to Paris.

Mr. George Butler has sent 'A Cat,' not one of the silken, petted Angoras that Lambert paints so well, no graceful parlour darling, reposing amid velvet cushions or tiger-skin rugs, but a veritable

street-prowler, sharp-eyed, and on the lookout, though apparently lost in meditation and repose. Woe to the incautious mouse that shall venture within the clutch of those paws, or even within sight of those keenly-watching eyes!

Mr. W. P. W. Dana's 'Solitude' is a work of considerable imagination as well as power. A black, weltering sea, heaving into billows beneath a midnight sky, through a rift in whose cloud-veiled expanse peers a pallid moon, flinging a shimmer of white lustre over the dusky waters—the story of past storms and probable disasters is vividly told. No sail, nor boat, nor even a fragment of a wreck, flecks the dark, watery waste. Not even the demon of the storm is present. All is solitude! Mr. Charles Dubois's fine landscapes and Mr. Wyatt Eaton's 'Harvesters reposing' are well known to the lovers of Art in Paris. The latter picture, which owes its inspiration to the talent of Millet, was much remarked at the *Salon* of a few years ago. It has much of the power and the quiet pathos of the great master's works. Mr. Charles C. Coleman's 'Decorative Panel' is extremely rich in colour, and the quaint Japanese-like character of the design is very attractive. Miss Dodson's panel, entitled 'The Dance,' is at once graceful in design and delicate in colouring, carrying out what a leading Parisian Art-professor once said of his lady-pupils, namely, that women would excel in decorative art if only they could be persuaded to turn their attention to that branch of painting. Mr. Winslow Homer's pictures of negro life are exceedingly faithful and characteristic, but err by a too great hastiness and thinness of execution. Mr. Homer would probably have received a gold medal, I am told, had he sent more carefully-finished examples of his very real and decided talent.

Mr. Walter Shirlaw's 'Sheep-Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands' is an important and vigorous work, too well known on our side of the water to need a detailed description here. Its merits have been fully recognised by foreign as well as native critics. The same may be said of Mr. E. L. Henry's 'Off for the Races,' a very gem of careful finish and delicate execution. There is a strong touch of humour in Mr. George H. Boughton's 'Wouter Van Twiller holding his First Court in New Amsterdam;' he has reproduced the types of these early Dutch magnates of New York, immortalised by Washington Irving, with all that writer's unobtrusive mirthfulness. It is a pleasure to greet this fine artist in this gathering of our countrymen.

Mr. Hovendon's 'Breton Interior' is well painted, and reproduces the characteristics of the picturesque peasantry of Brittany with strength and fidelity, the central figure, that of the old blacksmith, being particularly excellent. Mr. Beckwith's 'Falconer,' a youth in black velvet, holding a falcon with outspread wings upon his wrist, is remarkable for the graceful pose of the figure and a peculiar air of refinement about the head. Mr. Bloomer's 'Old Bridge at Grez' is a charming little landscape, the subdued tones of which well recall the grey softness of a cloudy day in France. Robert Wylie's 'Death of a Vendean Chief' was one of the finest of the many works that were left unfinished at his death. Mr. Edgar M. Ward's 'Sabot-Maker' and 'Washer-women of Brittany,' received warm commendations at the *Salon* a few years ago; the peculiar effect of light in the first-named picture is exceedingly well rendered. Mr. Vedder's 'Cumæan Sibyl' and 'Young Mar-syas' are spirited in conception and design and bold in drawing, but the artist should go to Nature to study colour; she never paints wholly in neutral tints, as he seems inclined to do.

There are landscapes from the pencils of some of our best artists in that line—Church, Kensett, Gifford, Richards—and also a group of portraits, whereof that of a lady by Mr. B. C. Porter is especially welcome as giving the only representation of fair American girlhood of which our Art department can boast. Mr. Healy's 'Portrait of Mrs. General Noyes' shows our gentle ambassadress in a rich dress of white brocade, the sweetness and intellectual character of the countenance of the original being most happily reproduced. The 'Lord Lyons' of the same artist is also an admirable portrait. Mr. William Lippincott has contributed two portraits, one of which—that of a young gentleman well known in the social circles of the American colony of Paris—is a most excellent likeness. Mr. Lippincott paints children so charmingly that we regret to find no specimen of his child-portraits in the Exhibition.

Mr. Hamilton's 'Cerise' shows undoubted qualities of execu-



tion, but the choice of a subject is singularly to be reprehended. To borrow the criticism passed upon the work by Victor Cherbuliez, in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, we must pronounce it as "too loose for New York, and too brutal for Paris." We are told that the artist is still very young; if so, he will soon learn to look upon this repellent work as one of the errors of his "green and salad days." Let him turn his very real talent to some better account than that of reproducing scenes and personages that are revolting in real life.

Among the etchings, Mr. J. A. Mitchell's 'Place de l'Opéra' (a view of the exterior of the new Opera-House) and 'The End of the Act' have attracted wide and deserved notice and comment, and in fact have enjoyed a popular success second to that won by no other of the exhibits in this department.

Taken altogether, the history of the American department at the Exhibition may serve for that of its Art-section as well. It was gotten together in haste, amid a thousand difficulties and drawbacks. Much that was best in our industries and inventions, as in our Art, is unrepresented. But there is much that is noteworthy that has won success, and of which we may well be proud. Our Art is still too much like our native gold when sent to foreign lands and minted into the coinage of other nations. It is, indeed, as yet only in that stage of development that finds its best manifestation in imitation. Its next step will be to learn nationality—after that will come originality. In some respects we have much to unlearn, in others we have much to learn. But we have demonstrated that the true artistic nature is there, and after-years will teach our painters how to shape its manifestations aright.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## ART IN WASHINGTON.



THE statue of Governor William King, and the Naval Monument, both by Franklin Simmons, and the bronze equestrian statue of General Greene, by H. K. Brown, are among the new work in sculpture erected in Washington during the past year. The marble statue of William King, first Governor of Maine, and contributed by that State to the Old Hall of Representatives, is undoubtedly one of the best placed there, and has increased the sculptor's reputation. When we turn from the mild Miltonic features and garb of his 'Roger Williams' to this noble figure of the statesman in semi-military dress, we feel the evidence of the sculptor's versatile and diverse conception of character deftly wrought out. The erect carriage and manly face of the champion of the separation of his State from Massachusetts, though in dignified repose, convey an idea of immense latent energy. There is a Wellington-like boldness in the strong features; the forehead reminds one of the shaggy grandeur of the brow of the late Secretary Seward. The dress of the period, in the beginning of this century, aids the sculptor in giving a commanding and picturesque dignity to the form, by means of the tasselled military boots, and the long cloak that leaves bare the right arm and hand, bearing a scroll, while the left gathers up its ample folds.

Mr. Simmons has completed, with his statue of 'Peace,' the naval monument at the foot of the Capitol, opposite Pennsylvania Avenue, erected "To the Memory of the Officers, Seamen, and Marines of the United States Navy, who fell in support of the Union and the Liberty of the Country." Admiral Porter has the credit of originating the idea of this memorial, paid for by contributions by the officers and men of the naval service. It is forty feet in height, and is surmounted by statues of History and Grief facing west. The former holds her pen and tablet inscribed with the patriot dead, and Grief leans upon her, with bowed head and hand covering her eyes, as though overcome by the fearful though glorious record. Below on the die stands Victory, her right hand holding high the laurel-wreath, while in her left is a branch of oak—symbol of the strength "that endureth to the end." At her feet are nude boyish figures, typifying Neptune and Mars—the blue-jackets and marines. At corners of the die, two enormous cannon-balls rest upon inverted brackets. On the east front stands Peace, nude to the waist (her allegorical sisters are amply draped), holding out in one hand the traditional olive-branch, and supporting her dress with the other. On either side are symbols of Plenty, with her cornucopia, and the sheaf on which a dove sits, and of Agriculture, Science, Letters, and Art.

This monument differs from other memorials for the same object, in having all its statues feminine—excepting the baby-gods of War and Ocean, and, though they are all very beautiful in form, it seems a pity that they are not set off by the forms of a sturdy sailor and gallant marine, which would more forcibly "point the moral and adorn the tale" of the deeds commemorated, instead of the big cannon-balls on the everlasting brackets—so commonplace and weak for the central point of the monument. The boy-

gods might have been disarmed and turned into peaceful orphans. Perhaps manly types of the sailor and marine may be considered too frequent on such works, or perhaps Mr. Simmons may not be responsible for all of the arrangement of the work, as it is said Admiral Porter had much to do with the general design. It is believed, too, that the work should have culminated with the single figure of Victory at the top, affording a graceful outline from any point, instead of the double figures of Grief and History—better seen below than at the top, where they look well only from the front, and in the rear present merely a stiff mass of fluted draperies from shoulder to plinth.

But with all these defects the statues are of noble shape and expressive action—particularly now in their fresh creation when their forms of dazzling whiteness are relieved against the blue sky, or assume in shadow a tint of pure, pearly violet.

The effect of the monument is somewhat injured, as you approach it from the west, by the towering mass of the Capitol. The trees beyond, however, relieve its entire form, and there is a fine view of it against the sky from either side. The open space around will soon be widened by the removal of several adjacent houses, and, if the pedestal and sodding be kept clear of bootblacks and idlers, the work will be a charming object at the end of that noble avenue.

The bronze equestrian statue of General Nathanael Greene, of the Revolution, by Henry K. Brown, is the latest finished work of Art ordered by Congress. The sculptor's fine marble statue of Greene, in the Old Hall of Representatives, and his noble bronze equestrian statue of General Scott, seemed to guarantee the same merits of likeness and dignity in this new work exposed to public examination.

Greene, clad in Continental regimentals, sits nearly upright, with his head bent towards some troops whose movements he directs with his outstretched right arm. His whole body is of a commanding, heroic mould, with the nether limbs in a position of firmness and ease. The face is handsome, and animated "with the light of battle." The horse is represented in a full trot, truthful in movement, and the head being turned to the left gives spirit to its action. The tip of the advanced hind-foot daintily resting upon a cannon-ball seems a petty idea, when a clump of earth would serve the purpose.

The effect of an entire survey of this statue is one of disappointment, in spite of the merits of rider and horse separately considered. On approaching it from the front, and for some distance right and left, the work is unexceptionable. The foreshortening of the horse conceals most of the action of the trot, throws out the spirited bend of the head, and the extended forefoot, but subordinates the animal to his rider, whose form and countenance are in full dominant relief. The effect is grand. Energy and fire breathe from both. Their outlines are compact and harmonious. The side-views of the work dissipate this impression. With all its naturalness of form and action, the trot detracts from the dignity of the statue. A want of restrained excitement in the animal—of a forced partial repose, as it were—disturbs the idea of control, and, with the awkward right arm stretched out like a guide-post,



forms an outline angular and disagreeable. The horse is not of that noble mould naturally associated with a chief in battle. Mr. Brown is learned in modelling horses. A study of them proves this. He models them from his own animals. So striking is their truthfulness that the horse often excites more prompt praise than its rider, or the statue as a whole. Nothing can be more harmonious in all respects than his Washington statue in Union Square, New York. The horse is worthy of his rider, but does not divert the mind from the latter. The horse of his General Scott, on the contrary, is a marvellous image of a blooded animal, perfect in form, and of high-mettled, restrained action; but its slender neck, narrow chest, and slim limbs, do not harmonise with the bulky form of Scott bestriding him. The same unfitness of form is seen in the horse of the Greene statue, with the serious mistake of the trot, to make its effect further out of keeping.

David, in his picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps on a rearing steed, with the lightnings playing round him, violated historic truth, and Delaroche vindicated it when he painted the modern Hannibal in that achievement, with a face of calm, profound thought, seated upon the back of a meek, plodding mule. Delaroche was right; but, had there been a desperate fight on that icy ascent, had Napoleon rushed to the front to lead the assault, David would have been right in mounting him as he did. The same principle, it seems, should demand similar fitness—harmony in a military equestrian statue. The horse should be in keeping with the subject and rider, not a separate study of slim legs, thin neck and flanks, suggestive of a race, a hunt, nor of ordinary, commonplace action, regardless of the incident, but present “a combination and a form indeed,” to sustain the dignity of a chieftain in action.

In illustration of how imperfect modelling will often effect a pleasing impression, which the most exact proportions fail to attain, take the statue of General McPherson. The horse is full of defects in proportion and modelling, but the sculptor gives him a strong form, and has arranged its action so much in harmony with the gallant rider that we almost overlook the serious defects, and feel the force of their fusion and unity.

The statue of Greene is placed in a situation “out of humanity’s reach” by car or chariot, that keeps it unknown to the public at large. It stands in the midst of one of those “magnificent distances” once so abounding in Washington, but now happily disappearing. It looms up from a spacious embryo “square” on Maryland Avenue, a quarter of a mile northeast of the Capitol. The “square” is sodded and planted with young trees, and unimproved streets radiate from it, but the place at present is very lonely—a coal-yard, a small grocery, and an occasional snug dwelling, around it. The paved walks from the Capitol stop within a square of it, so that in wet weather the Art-student must foot it through the mud, unless he refuses to “keep off the grass.” Forty-five years ago the stages from Baltimore entered Washington by this avenue, then a dusty or muddy highway, and were they still running the travelling public would become familiar with the statue of Greene; but now the travel is chiefly confined to market-waggons and negro hucksters’ carts, with rope harness and corn-shuck collars; save on Sunday, when the forlorn avenue is enlivened with the shiny buggies of “Sunday bloods.” Mr. Brown must thus patiently bide his time, until stately dwellings surround his work, and the pedestal is begirt with parterres of flowers, such as beautify the circle and pedestal in Fourteenth Street, now waiting for the statue of General Thomas—of which, anon.

## NOTES.

**PRANG’S NATIVE FLOWERS AND FERNS.**—We drew the attention of our readers to Professor Meehan’s ‘Native Flowers and Ferns’ when the first parts reached us. Twelve numbers have now been issued, completing the first volume, and just half of the first series. The later numbers maintain all the beauty and value of the initial issue. As each part contains four coloured plates, we have already forty-eight specimens of our native wild-flowers. The execution of the coloured plates is, as a rule, admirable, the drawing being graceful and easy, and the colours of marked softness, delicacy, and texture. The only exception that can at all be made is with some of the green leaves, which occasionally lack the peculiar tint of the original. The subjects were all painted from life by Mr. Alvin Levinzer, and it is easy to see that, with the exception named, his drawings have been reproduced with spirit and accuracy. The text by Professor Meehan is both trustworthy and pleasing. “It has,” he says in his preface, “been deemed advisable not to devote the text exclusively to too scientific description; but, while making it accurate in this respect, to seek rather by a familiar treatment of the subject to lift our native flowers out of the confined limits of pure science, and thus to make the work serviceable and accessible not only to the botanist proper, but also to the practical cultivator, and to the great body of intelligent people at large.”

At the present time, when natural objects are being applied so generally to the decoration of manufactures, and when people are appreciating the propriety of using the indigenous growths of America in their ornaments, such a publication as the “Native Flowers and Ferns” is of the greatest value. In the pictures in this book the student gains an excellent idea of the general appearance of each flower and plant; and, if desirous of putting it into a conventional pattern, in the plate before him he will find the flower in different positions, and with some of its elementary forms given; while so carefully have the drawings been made that from branches of buds in different stages of development in the plate of the “Carolina jessamine,” in the seeds growing on the grey leaves of the fern, or in the roots of the “three-flowered avens,” he will find rich suggestions to his imagination. While the pictures are thus the greatest aid in composing designs for tiles, embroidery, and other articles, to a young or artistically uncultivated person the poetical quotations in the text afford refined suggestions as to the best manner of arranging the flowers. Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the embroideries made some years since by a Boston lady, in which the pink blossoms of trailing arbutus peeped out of the satin

from their bed of dry and brown oak-leaves, thus vividly suggesting the habitations of such flowers in the spring, while spider-webs stretched across dewy meadow-flowers brought before the mind other charming spots in Nature. Japanese ornament deals as often with the accessories around long lily-leaves, in the shape of ripples of water, or some water-fowl, as with these plants themselves, and it is the knowledge which this nation indicates of how and where plants grow that adds so much to their satisfying charm. The editor of the “Native Flowers and Ferns” has filled his pages with many suggestions akin to these, and it is on this account, as well as from the excellence of the coloured plates, that we commend the book to students of design. Pictures of flowers are easily obtained, but we know of no other American book where helpful suggestions are added to accurate pictures. Prang & Co., of Boston, are the publishers.

**BOSTON.**—Boston is fast becoming replete with that species of external artistic adornment with which all peoples who have had skill in and taste for Art have been wont to decorate their cities—statues commemorative of the famous dead, and monuments marking conspicuous events. Of some of the Boston statues, indeed, much praise cannot be predicated. That of Webster in front of the State-House and that of Everett in the Public Garden are scarcely worthy of being called adornments at all. But the equestrian Washington, the statue of Hamilton in Commonwealth Avenue, and the statues of the old Massachusetts worthies, Winthrop and Adams, to be seen at Mount Auburn, are at least creditable to the city. Ere long two new statues, which are already finished, or nearly so, will be set up in their places. One is a fine counterfeit presented by Thomas Ball, the American sculptor, resident in Florence, several of whose best works are possessed by Boston. The Sumner statue is said to be a striking likeness, the attitude being at once imposing and characteristic, and the execution admirable. It was cast in Paris. The other is a bronze statue of Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston, President of Harvard College, and member of Congress. The attitude is that of standing in an easy position, the form being covered with a long cloak, which is half held up by the left hand. The head is uncovered, and the expressive face of the venerable scholar and statesman is a vivid reminder of him as he was in the vigorous prime of life. The statue is being cast at Munich, and will be placed in position early in the spring. . . . There are many attractions, as always in the autumn, when the artists have returned from the summer ramblings in which



they so aptly combine labour with pleasure, in the galleries. Among the pictures thus exhibited recently have been some pleasing landscapes by Carl Weber; a brilliant sunset view by Enneking; some marine views, taken in the vicinity of Cohasset and Manchester, by Key; two of Duveneck's latest works; a fine half-length portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Edgar Parker; 'The Old Cavalier,' and two striking Venetian subjects, by W. M. Chase—one the interior of a court-yard, with an old well and the figures of two Venetian women, the other a picturesque old Venetian edifice; a very characteristic and humorous negro sketch, 'Preparing for the Carnival,' by Winslow Homer; a moonlight marine, by De Haas; a bust by George Fuller. . . . George L. Brown has displayed two new Italian scenes, one of Venice and the other of the valley of the Arno. Several landscape views of Californian scenes have been exhibited by William Keith. Launt Thompson has finished a plaster bust of the late General W. F. Bartlett, which his friends pronounce lifelike. . . . Some noteworthy additions have been made to the Art Museum during the summer. Among these are a glowing landscape by Montecello; a spirited landscape, simple yet strong, of Daubigny; and an admirable head by David Neal. Turner's 'Slave-Ship' has been put in a better light for the display of its peculiar colouring and effect. Some Russian water-colours have been added, brought thence by Mr. G. V. Fox. The *bric-à-brac* hall has been rearranged, and additions made to it of Benares brass-work and Chinese lacquer-work. The extension to the Museum is advancing rapidly to completion. . . . A considerable section of the Mechanics' Exhibition, now being held, is devoted to the largest, most various, and in some respects finest display of Art ever made in the city. Nearly one thousand canvases and pieces of sculpture are arranged in a systematic manner. A central hall is devoted to oil-paintings, while other smaller rooms leading from it contain cabinet-pictures, engravings, water-colours, architectural designs, and small oil-pictures. A room on the first floor has the specimens of sculpture; and there is, besides, a fine exhibition of pottery, ceramics, glassware, tiles, and household decorations. The list of contributing artists includes nearly every local painter of note, and there is, besides, a large collection from New York and other American artists, and some foreign ones.

**MERCATOR'S MONUMENT.**—On the 2nd of September, 1878, a monument to the renowned Gerhard Kremer, commonly called Mercator, was unveiled in the city of Duisburg. In that old Rhenish-Prussian town the great "projector" passed the last forty-two years of his long life. Although he was born in Flanders, while his parents were staying at Rupelmonde, in that country, yet, as he was of German blood, and always declared that the Rhine country was his true home, the Germans claim him as one of themselves. Among the great men of the sixteenth century whose life-labours made the world far wiser than it was before that time, Mercator holds a high and honourable place. Few men have possessed greater mental power than he, and in his own era he was one of the highest authorities in geography, mathematics, mechanics, physics, natural history, chronology, astronomy, and Art. His maps were the best of which the world had then any knowledge, and he was the first to offer a reasonable theory on the subject of magnetism. But it is the celebrated "Mercator's Projection" which has made his name famous through all the ages that have passed since his death, in 1594. The historian Ranke says, "It was Mercator who first brought about a real reformation in the construction of sea and land charts." What he did for navigation and commerce by this great work cannot be too highly estimated. It makes itself perceptible in the vast superiority of strictly modern sea-travel to that of bygone times, and in this way it has been an important factor in producing that higher civilisation which the world enjoys to-day. His projection still holds its place in our larger atlases (a term, by-the-way, which he was the first to apply to collections of maps), and during three hundred years it has continued to be used. The design for the monument at Duisburg was made by Herr Schultze, the city architect at that place, and the execution was superintended by Herr Joseph Reiss, a talented sculptor of Düsseldorf. The body of the monument consists of a pillar rising out of a reservoir of water which rests on an eight-cornered plinth. The pillar is surmounted by a pedestal, in which there are niches containing several appropriate inscriptions, while its corners are adorned with allegorical figures of children. This pedestal supports a figure of Mercator, larger than life, and clad in the dress of his day. The face and figure have been accurately copied from some contemporary engravings. In one hand is a half-unrolled chart, and the other holds a pair of compasses, while a globe lies at his feet. Inside the pillar, near its base, is a bronze shell, from which water overflows into the basin, below; and under this shell are four waterspouting monsters, exactly like those Mercator was accustomed to place on the margins of his maps and charts. The whole monument, except the bronze shell, is constructed of white Treves sandstone, and its height is about thirty feet. It is one of the most beautiful and impos-

ing of the numerous monuments which have been erected in Germany during the last few years; and to its value as the memorial of a great man must be added its interest in the eyes of all who can appreciate a noble specimen of plastic art.

**SATSUMA VASE.**—Mr. Gilman Collamore, who has lately returned from Japan, brought with him, in addition to a large collection of old and curious articles of pottery, a most interesting Satsuma vase. This vase is about a hundred and fifty years old, and belongs to the best period of Japanese art. It is of soft biscuit, and is about a yard high. The colour of the ground is of the pale buff common to so much of the Japanese wares. Its surface is thickly covered with figures of men and animals, which were carved in most exquisite finish before the jar was baked. Here may be seen gods and devils, who form a complete epic, and the bodies and the faces of both men and beasts are carved as delicately as the best ivory-work. Twisted devils and grinning deities—the tendons of the one, and the eyebrows, lips, teeth, and ears, of the other—are made out with a detail more careful than we ever saw before in any kind of ceramic ware. The colours, too, are of the most delightful harmony, and in one case, where two gods are enjoying a comfortable *déjeûner*, the little pictures on their teacups and other dishes are made out with a delicious sense of colour, as well as the most elaborate attention to the forms of the figures on the sides of the little dishes. In the same manner the dresses of the gods and the skins of the tigers and leopards are almost microscopic in their details; and pine-trees, skies, and the landscape as well, are depicted with a consummate skill. Never in any museum abroad have we seen a more elegant or curious article than this one; and, when we heard that even in Japan itself it was unique from its richness and money value, we were not surprised at the attention it had attracted in New York. The form of the jar is not especially interesting, and the vase derives its charm from the minuteness of its details and its tints of blue, gold, red, and yellow. Not a tone of colour is harsh, and every figure, however grotesque it may be, is in harmony with the outlines and curves of the vase which these groups of figures serve so well to decorate. South Kensington, the Louvre, and the Hôtel de Cluny, have their numerous and delightful curiosities, where people can study; but at present, in America, it is in the shops of the enlightened dealers and tradesmen that the public can best learn what has been and is now being accomplished in the liberal arts of the world.

**NEW ENGRAVING.**—"Messrs. Agnew," says the London *Athenaeum* "have sent us an artist's proof from a plate prepared for them by Mr. Stacpoole after Mr. G. D. Leslie's well-known and highly-popular picture, named 'School revisited,' the subject being a visit by a quondam scholar to her younger fellow-pupils in an old, red-brick house, the scene a garden, the personages six girls of different ages, welcoming the lady who is seated on a rustic bench, turning gracefully to a friend who leans from a window. The picture was lately in the Academy, where the engraving may now be seen. Mr. Stacpoole has been highly successful in reproducing his original, a purpose for which mezzotint is extremely well adapted. He has given with spirit and feeling the vivacity, the homely and simple graces, and even the somewhat affected daintiness of the painter. The flatness, greyness, and sobriety, of Mr. Leslie's art are represented here, so that there is complete fidelity in the print to the tone and tint of the picture. This plate will be acceptable to all Mr. Leslie's admirers."

A MAGNIFICENT work, entitled "*Histoire Métallique des Etats-Unis d'Amérique*," illustrated with one hundred and seventy etchings of coins executed by Jules Jacquemart, has just been published in Paris. It is written by M. J. T. Loubat, who gives an account of all the principal medals that have been struck by Congress during the past century in honour of great men and great events. A large number of these medals were engraved in France by celebrated French medallists, such as Dupré, the Director of the Mint during the First Republic, Duvivier, Fleury, Gatteaux, Bertrand Andrieux, and others, and thus possess an interest in the history of French art as well as of American politics.

THE admirers of Vandyck will learn with satisfaction that new light is about to be thrown both upon the life and the works of this great artist. M. Alfred Michiels has discovered some MS. documents which, while correcting many errors, give us also new and detailed information respecting the painter's family, his journeys, his pictures and engravings, the persons with whom he came in contact, and the chronology of his works, hitherto an obscure point. The documents indicate the existence of further sources of information existing in various libraries. M. Michiels is about to visit Italy and England, at the instance of the French Minister of Public Instruction, and of the Director of Fine Arts, in order to complete his investigations.



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# THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

## OF THE

# New York Life Insurance Co.

OFFICE, No. 346 & 348 BROADWAY.

**JANUARY 1, 1878.**

AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1877.....\$32,730,898 20

### REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,232,394 70		
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1877.....	432,695 40	\$5,799,699 30	
Interest received and accrued.....	2,168,015 85		
Less accrued January 1, 1877.....	300,558 68	1,867,457 17	7,667,156 47
			<b>\$40,398,054 67</b>

### DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including additions.....	\$1,638,128 39		
Endowments matured and discounted.....	185,160 12		
Life annuities and reinsurances.....	194,318 86		
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,421,847 36		
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	531,526 03		
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	501,025 90		
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	\$211,112 72		
Reduction on other stocks.....	12,030 00		
Contingent fund to cover any depreciation in value of real estate.....	250,000 00	473,142 72	5,945,149 38
			<b>\$34,452,905 29</b>

### ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit; since received.....	\$1,216,301 61		
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value \$13,379,930 33).....	12,875,584 69		
Real estate.....	3,350,268 07		
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$13,580,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	15,379,202 23		
* Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$3,445,195)....	695,234 74		
* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	396,289 26		
* Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$674,000; included in liabilities).....	167,183 37		
Agents' balances.....	56,945 97		
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1878.....	315,895 35		
			<b>\$34,452,905 29</b>

\* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Excess of market value of securities over cost.....504,345 64

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1878.....\$34,957,250 98

Appropriated as follows:			
Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	\$348,069 48		
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	112,897 84		
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent., Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent., Carlisle, net premium.....	31,022,405 99		
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	792,302 22		
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,430 91	32,293,106 44	

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....\$2,664,144 49

Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. over.....6,000,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$2,664,144 49 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend, available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus.

During the year 6,597 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,156,639.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876.....	44,661	Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,119
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877.....	45,421	Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,748,473
Number of policies in force January 1, 1878.....	45,605	Amount at risk January 1, 1878.....	127,901,887

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1876.....	\$2,499,656
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1877.....	2,626,816
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1878.....	2,664,144

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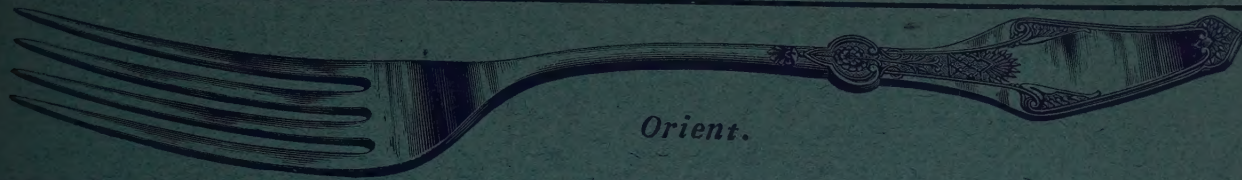
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